

# THE CRITIC:

Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

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## DAY OF PUBLICATION.

TO accommodate the Country trade, and to facilitate transmission to the provinces, THE CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications, Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current number.

## THE CRITIC.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1858.

WE have not unfrequently had cause to remark upon the unfortunate tendency to write about things which they do not understand (because they have had no opportunity for understanding them) manifested by some writers upon the press. The *Times*, usually well-informed upon most matters, but whose writers seem uniformly afflicted with ignorance as to the principles of law, will insist upon writing about law reform, and gets laughed at by all practical writers for its pains. The *Morning Advertiser*, decidedly an authority upon matters pertaining to the Licensed Victualling interest, soars into prophecy, and the highest questions of symbolism, and falls an easy victim to some waggish scholar, who cheats the would-be polemic into printing a dirty Greek joke for a religious argument. So it is, and so it must ever be; if men will wander beyond their depth, they naturally do not find it easy to maintain their footing. Here again is the *Daily Telegraph*, an exceedingly well-conducted journal, and which will bear comparison in most respects with its more expensive competitors; but it unfortunately deems itself competent to read a lecture to the governing body of the University of Cambridge, and comes off terribly hoaxed.

The reader will recollect an exceedingly melancholy accident which occurred in the neighbourhood of Cambridge some weeks back. A couple of students were taking a drive in very bad company, when their vehicle was capsized, and a death the result. The affair naturally created much sensation at the University, and was visited upon the students by those who had chief authority in the matter, with even far greater severity than, as we have reason to believe, met with the approval of the majority of Fellows and graduates. That being so, the matter might have been permitted to drop, except perhaps as regards an inquiry whether the prospects in life of two young men ought to be blasted for a single, though grave, indiscretion. But so did not think certain of our contemporaries, the *Daily Telegraph* among the number, who straightway, coupling with it the late "town and gown" disturbances, proceeded to read the authorities of the University a severe lecture upon the whole business in general, and the police of the University in particular, concluding with a suggestion that it was no wonder that the undergraduates went so far wrong, when the example set them by the dignitaries of the colleges was so notoriously bad and immoral. This astounding statement it is that drew forth from a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* the following communication.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR—I have read with much pleasure your able article upon a disgraceful exhibition of rufianism at Cambridge. I need hardly say how fully I concur with it, particularly with reference to the different standing of the rich and poor with regard to justice in this otherwise well-regulated state. In spite of a religious persuasion which, a year ago, would have debarred me from taking my political station in the commonwealth or my degree in this University, an advanced Liberalism has enabled me to take advantage of the excellent education imparted by Alma Mater. But to my point. I deeply grieve to assure you, sir, that such scenes as you have related are as rife amongst the elder as the younger mem-

bers of this university. I need hardly refer to a circumstance which must be well known to all present Cantabs, the disgraceful outrage and mutilation of one of the finest works of art in the town, the Fitzwilliam lions. One of the parties concerned therein (*horresco referens*) had served the office—the responsible office—of proctor for three consecutive years; the rest, with one exception (a nobleman) were graduates. Another instance of the habits of lawlessness among our seniors was the ducking of an unfortunate co-religionist of my own by three of the deans of the college, under the fountain of Downing College. But why, sir, multiply examples of outrages amongst a body to which, in other respects, I am proud to belong? To sum up all, I believe that the class just alluded to are more dreaded by the townsmen and their virtuous daughters than the most lawless assemblage of undergraduates. With regard to the Cambridge magistrates, I dare affirm that they do their duty in a way which might be expected from the intelligent and honourable class from which they come. I think, sir, from one remark of yours, that you scarcely do them justice. They have an arduous duty to perform, but it is a satisfaction to know that there is an engine at our service of as much value as the law—I mean, sir, the Press; and it is through your columns, now more universally read than those of any other paper, by the enlightened, noble middle class of England, that I venture, sir, to make this my complaint against a body, for the well-being of which my most ardent wishes have been formed. Hoping, therefore, for your kind assistance in this matter, I remain, sir, yours, &c. PROCTIDES.

To any Cambridge man it will be superfluous to point out that this letter is as obvious a hoax as that perpetrated by the friend of "Auctor Priapicus" himself; for he will know full well that not only does it represent a state of things absurd upon the face of it, but that it is impossible for a man to be proctor three, or even two, consecutive years; that there is no fountain to Downing College, nor are there three deans. Whoever "Proctides" may be, he has hoaxed the *Daily Telegraph*, and our contemporary has walked into the trap with infinite simplicity.

The *Saturday Review*, in one of those articles to which it occasionally treats its readers, the purpose of which is so difficult to discover, takes into consideration the present state of criticism in journals, and announces some very remarkable discoveries. The writer of this essay, which is entitled "The Two Sides of Criticism," has discovered, for example, that there are two ways of looking at everything, and that critics, being human, are apt to be swayed by other considerations than a high sense of the standard laws of art. From among these motives, continues the writer, may be specified—the mechanical exigencies of his journal, which prevent him from writing with the fullness which would be necessary to the perfect development of his opinions; secondly, there is the habit of the critic's own mind, to find fault or seek for beauties; thirdly, he may be influenced by his own views of public utility, or by his wish to attack a class; fourthly, he may be influenced by the spirit of the journal to which he belongs; fifthly, he may give way to motives of personal friendship or hatred—and friendship, is, in the opinion of the *Saturday Review*, "the most commendable of the causes that bias critical judgment." Perhaps we may here be permitted to ask, why may not the opposite personal influence, hatred, be equally so?

Now what can be the purpose of penning all these arid truisms, unless it be to discredit journalism with the unthinking? That, however, is a task to which the writers in the *Saturday Review* are not unaccustomed, for they seldom allow a week to pass without reminding us of the unsavoury trope respecting the bird that befouled its own nest. Who is there that does not know that every judgment to which the human mind can arrive is necessarily to some extent imperfect, and that it is swayed by some one of the considerations above adverted to? Is that a defect incident to journalism alone? Are not the magazine writers, the great quarterly reviewers, are not even those more elaborate critics who require ponderous tomes for the development of their opinions, equally guilty in this respect? Yet the *Saturday Review* would have us believe that it is only the poor Pillgarlicks of journalism who are in fault, and announces sententiously that "newspaper criticism would be much better appreciated if it were clearly understood that this imperfection is inherent in it."

In the course of this lucubration the writer in the *Saturday Review* indulges in the following

flight of fancy: "We can easily fancy a journal existing which shall devote itself to picking holes, to showing up delinquencies, to laughing men out of the political or the social arena." This is certainly either candour very unusual from such a quarter, or a very extraordinary instance of the self-blindness from which even journalists are not exempt. We, too, can easily imagine (though we cannot say fancy) such a journal, and are of opinion that there is no need to go far afield to find it.

THE astuteness of the Paris police has long been proverbial, and the romance and tale writers have deluged us *ad nauseam* with wonderful stories of Vioque and the terrible *agens de sûreté* under the undeceivable Fouché. Because we hear less of them under the present régime, it is not to be supposed that they are less active; only it must be admitted that their exploits are not attended with unvarying success. Here, for example, is one of their last achievements, related with historical brevity by the correspondent of one of our daily contemporaries:

In the window of the library, No. 212, Rue de Rivoli, there was lately exhibited an engraved portrait of Mr. \*\*\*\*\* with a beard à la *Impériale*, sitting at a desk in a thoughtful position, and writing. The police entered the shop the other day, and told the proprietor in very angry terms to take the engraving out of the window. They mistook Mr. \*\*\*\*\*'s portrait for a caricature of the Emperor.

And pray, reader, what think you was the terrible caricature? What but the portrait of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, issued by ourselves two months back? A caricature of the Emperor! What nauseous flattery! What similitude can be said to exist between that cold, sinister face, so deeply seemed with care and crime, and a face which never beamed with anything but genius and good to mankind? Really, the gentlemen of the Rue de Jerusalem have carried the art of courtiership to a fine pitch of perfection.

Another instance of police astuteness is mentioned in connection with the trial of DE MONTALEMBERT. The pamphlet containing the reprint of his article in *Le Correspondant* was actually sold openly in the streets of Paris, simply by reversing the title-page, thus:

'Edni L Ras Tabèd Nu, par Ed. Trebmelatnuom.

Under the guise of this not very difficult cloak thousands of copies were sold—when, lo! the police, in a temporary fit of lucidity, discovered the trick.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* proves the truth of its assertion that it has not been interfered with by the Government, by entirely avoiding all allusion, not only to the MONTALEMBERT trial, but to all dangerous topics. One of the writers, in an elaborate article upon Cherbourg, turns round our batteries upon ourselves, and points out the ease with which England could invade France as a reason for the speedy completion of the armament there. Is not this an affectionate salutation of the rod? In another article, however, entitled "La Révolte des Cipayes d'après les Relations Anglaises," we are glad to find that M. E. FORGUES completely ratifies an opinion of our own with regard to that most dreadful of all the books which sprang out of the Indian Mutinies, "The Crisis in the Punjab, from the 10th of May to the Fall of Delhi," by Mr. FREDERICK COOPER, Deputy-Commissioner at Umritsur. Speaking of the style in which this book is written, M. FORGUES most truthfully says that its writer "relates the details with a proud and hateful satisfaction;" and the writer proceeds to quote with feelings of the deepest horror and detestation Mr. COOPER's account of the wholesale execution at Ujnalla, over which he presided, and which he described with such hideous satisfaction.

THE remaining items of the week must be briefly dismissed. The result of M. DE MONTALEMBERT's appeal is not astonishing, and we are at a loss to determine whether it be more damaging to the EMPEROR or to his assailant. The great event of the trial was the emphatic declaration of M. CHAIX D'EST ANGE, the accomplished Procureur-Impérial, that he knew nothing of English: "*Je n'en sais rien, et je m'en félicite.*" A significant phrase from a high government official. The *Morning Post* correspondent avers that the trial created no sensation in Paris, yet confesses that not even he could gain admission into the Court.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

*A History of the Knights of Malta.* By MAJOR WHITWORTH PORTER, Royal Engineers. (Longman and Co.)

ENGLISHMEN have always been noted for their love of travel, from the days when "the most holy voyage to Jerusalem" was undertaken for religion's sake, to the most modern "voyage and travel" in the interior of Africa for the sake of science. Those who could not take long voyages have contented themselves with shorter ones; but all run away for a time from their island home as far as they conveniently can. They seem to fear, with their great national poet,

Home-haunting youths have ever homely wits.

Hence there is no part of the world where Britons do not penetrate; and the same love of travel has been transmitted to their descendants in America. Nor have they travelled and "found all barren," for the vast number of volumes devoted to descriptions of countries by our travelled countrymen, from the days of Caxton downwards, would form a topographical library, such as the men of no other country could rival.

The present volumes are fairly to be considered as part of this topographical gathering, deriving their chief interest from their connection with the Mediterranean island rendered memorable by the long residence of the famed knights who were bound to protect voyagers to the Holy Land, in those far back ages when for "the soul's health" the journey was eagerly sought by all. Its dangers and difficulties were great—so great as to be scarcely comprehended in the nineteenth century, when steamboats and railways have almost annihilated discomfort and inconvenience. Compelled to travel slowly over land, or to be tossed more slowly over sea; in danger by land of robbers, and by sea of corsairs; starting for the Holy Land hopefully, and perhaps ending despondingly as slaves in Algiers—no man left his home with any certain feeling of returning to it. Years were occupied in doing what months would now effect; and it required strong nerves and a strong constitution, as well as a somewhat full purse, to take long voyages.

But faith can move mountains; and, in spite of all difficulties and dangers, men went to Jerusalem. They had done so from the days of the Empress Helena, that famous discoverer of relics, who seems to have had the happy knack of finding whatever she wanted, from "the true cross" itself downward. The very dust of the land was considered sacred; and earth from Palestine was shipped as a sacred foundation for some of our ecclesiastical edifices. When the power of Mahometanism prevailed and "the holy places" became its conquest, the maltreatment of pilgrims led to the crusade against "foul paynims" under the fiery instigation of Peter the Hermit. Hordes of enthusiasts joined those sworn to rescue Jerusalem, which was done under Godfrey de Bouillon in 1099. His first care afterwards was to visit the Hospital of St. John, where many wounded crusaders were tended, and his satisfaction at the conduct of its inmates led to the permanent foundation and greatness of the Order. Branch hospitals were established in most of the maritime provinces of England; and this Order of St. John of Jerusalem became eventually so powerful, rich, and dangerous in its military and religious character, that the timid and crafty early sovereigns of Europe first feared and then crushed that branch known as Templars.

The history of the capture and loss of the holy places is the chivalric part of the history of all European states, and need not be here dwelt on. It is clearly and carefully narrated in our author's pages. When the Templars fell the Knights Hospitallers rose: they were the acknowledged Church militant, protectors of all travellers to the Eastern holy places, and their great station was at Rhodes, which was supported by the contributions of all Christian nations. Strengthened on all sides, with a well-protected harbourage for ships, they held it long, despite the serious attempts to dispossess them by the Ottoman forces. Of its power and beauty in its palmy days our author gives a glowing description; and it was not till December 1522 that these knights abandoned their ancient home, after a desperate

struggle with their old enemies, "never yielding one inch of ground until it had been watered with the blood of the noblest of their community."

The narrative we have thus rapidly condensed of the general history of the Hospitallers fills the first volume of our author's work. It is precisely that kind of history that charms youthful readers, who love Froissart tales of battle and knightly prowess. The somewhat confused and confusing history of Christian and Pagan wars is narrated with unusual clearness by our author; and his first volume is an excellent digest of the vicissitudes of the Knights during the Middle Ages. His second volume begins with their establishment in Malta under the mastership of one of their bravest and most unfortunate superiors, Philip Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Grand Prior of France, who ruled their destinies from the year 1521 to 1534, when he died, upwards of seventy years of age. This extraordinary man may be fairly considered as their most remarkable grand master. Called to rule late in life, in the most difficult and dangerous period of their history, his vigour, foresight, undaunted bravery, and strategic skill, invest his name with a glory few names possess. France may be proud of L'Isle Adam. She has few greater men.

At the time when he was appointed to the mastership, Solymán had determined to wrest Rhodes from the Christian occupants. His intention was strengthened by information of its condition furnished him by a Jewish physician, who resided there and acted as a spy to the Porte. From him they learnt that the fortifications were in a weak state, and that a large portion had been thrown down for stronger reconstruction. Solymán began his attack at once, and, with true Turkish craft, upon paper. He wrote to the new Grand Master a letter complimenting him on his new appointment, and asking him to "rejoice, as a very dear friend," over the success of his arms against the Giaours, from whom he had taken "many beautiful and well-fortified cities, and destroyed most of their inhabitants by sword or fire, the remainder being reduced to slavery." L'Isle Adam replied with less craft and more manliness to the letter of his new friend, assuring him of his desire for friendship, which he says will be as pleasing to him as displeasing to the corsairs of his nation, who endeavoured to entrap him on his journey from France, as well as to plunder merchantmen. He significantly adds, "I have right well comprehended the meaning of your letter;" he also showed his clearness of comprehension by refusing to be cajoled into sending some dignity of the Order as an ambassador to Constantinople. The wisdom of the precaution was soon seen, by the fate of a Rhodian native who had been dispatched by a fellow-townsmen to open a negotiation with the Turks on the Syrian shore, and who was treacherously made captive, sent to Solymán, and by his orders, and in contravention of the law of nations, tortured until he divulged all he knew of the state of the fortifications of Rhodes.

The mask was now removed, and L'Isle Adam saw his full danger. Rhodes was ill fitted to cope with the Turk; the Emperor Charles V. and the French King were over busy with home wars; the embassies to other courts could give little aid to the far-away island of the Hospitallers, and the Grand Master felt that the devotion and enthusiasm of his little garrison must be its chief strength. He apportioned to the knights of each country the quarter of the city or the bastion they should defend. A slight defection occurred with the Italian knights; but they were soon brought to a sense of duty by the vigorous conduct of the Grand Master, who was ably seconded by the resident bishops of the Greek and Latin churches, who kept up unceasingly the harmony of their respective flocks by urging the necessity of Christian brotherhood against the common enemy. Solymán soon sent his summons to surrender to him Rhodes. The reply was a preparation for its defence. Hurriedly the unfortunate country people flocked within the walls of the city, bringing with them what they could carry of personal goods, and awaited the advent of the Turks. They came under the pirate chief Curtoglu, who had endeavoured to seize the Grand

Master as he came from France. The Turkish army numbered 200,000 men, and on the morning of the 26th of June 1522 four hundred sail of different descriptions were descried carrying this great army over sea. A religious celebration was going on in Rhodes. It was continued peacefully to the end, when L'Isle Adam mounted the steps of the altar, and, elevating the host, solemnly appealed to the God of battles to protect him and his band of brethren, and all went to their posts as soldiers.

The difficulties of the Grand Master were great indeed; his garrison was too weak to risk attacks on the Turks, as they day by day disembarked their army and constructed their works. Plots of the most dangerous character were discovered for the betrayal of the city. But L'Isle Adam was equal to his dangerous station; and the story of his conduct of the siege is full of heroism. The efforts of the besieged were almost superhuman. "Though the assaulting columns were numbered by thousands and tens of thousands, selected from the choicest flower of Solymán's army, whilst the defenders consisted of but a few hundred Christians, harassed, exhausted, and weakened, the Moslem were forced to recoil from the impassable barriers of Christian steel." For six months the siege continued, until Solymán began to think of retiring, and the city ultimately came to an honourable capitulation; and after two hundred years of possession the Knights of St. John left Rhodes to the Infidel.

L'Isle Adam sailed to Messina; and, "in token of the loss which the Order had sustained, he no longer suffered the white-cross banner to be displayed at the masthead of his ship, but, in its stead, a flag bearing the image of the Virgin Mary with her dead son in her arms, and the motto '*Afflictis spes mea rebus*' beneath." His ultimate visit to Civita Vecchia, and interview with the Pope, led to his hope of preserving the Rhodian knights as a confraternity unmingled with other European commanderies; and the Pope's death giving accession to Giulio de Medici (as Clement VII.), who had once been a Knight of St. John, ensured him powerful support; and, after some years of negotiations, Charles V. decreed to the knights the perpetual sovereignty of the island of Malta.

In the year 1530 Malta was a desolate and unprotected rock. By the exercise of his great ability as a general L'Isle Adam seized upon and improved all its natural advantages. His life ended cloudily here, amid unworthy disputes of the brethren, at the time when the great storm of the Reformation was convulsing Europe. The troubles which befel the Order on this occasion, and their dangers in their new home, which they kept continually strengthening, must be told in our historian's pages. In 1557 a new grand master appeared in John Parisot de la Valette, to add new vigour to their councils, and another name to the roll of French heroes. He had served at the siege of Rhodes, and come to the office with the experience of years and the calmness of judgment which characterised L'Isle Adam. As a naval commander he had won high honour, and his first act was to convince the Algerines that the Knights were prepared to withstand their aggressions. This they did so effectually, that they appealed to Solymán for aid, who determined to drive them from Malta as he had from Rhodes. 9000 men had to oppose themselves to 30,000 Turks; it was Rhodes fought over again. The details are given with picturesque and fearful minuteness by our author. It is a wondrous detail of almost hopeless bravery on the part of the Knights; La Valette rises into superhuman proportions. If we were not reading history, we should throw away the volume as an overdrawn picture of knightly prowess, almost on a par with the stories in medieval books of knight-errantry. In the end St. Elmo, bought by so large a loss by the Turks, and the trenches and batteries which had occupied them with so many months' labour and so fearful an expenditure of blood to construct, were relinquished into the hands of the garrison.

Covered with honours and glory, the last years of La Valette's life were devoted to the strengthening of Malta. His last hours, like those of L'Isle Adam, were embittered by disaffection and faction in his own ranks; debauchery and libertinism more fatally came in, and a quarrel raised



by the Pope added fuel to fire. He died by a *coup de soleil*, amid harassing anxieties, August 1568; and so passed from the world one of its greatest spirits.

There is a paltriness about the history of Malta after this. It is chiefly the detail of unworthy intrigue that detains us. If good men ruled the fraternity, they were harassed by cabals. The knightly history is greatest in its adversity. The sieges of Rhodes and Malta are its crowning glories for ever; prosperity only brought out vice and littleness of character among its members. We sum up its character in the words of its present historian:

From the year 1476, when Peter d'Aubusson was first called to the supreme dignity, till the last years of the century which had just expired, the Order had maintained itself with a dignity and success such as, with all its glorious achievements, it had never previously attained. Within that time it had twice successfully resisted the whole strength of the Ottoman empire when arrayed against it, and even on the third occasion, though driven from the island of Rhodes, they had gained for themselves as ample a meed of glory as though they had remained masters of the field. During this golden period of their existence they had witnessed the rule of three chiefs whose names will descend to posterity as amongst the noblest heroes which the age has produced. History cannot, during that century, point to one who has attained a more wide-spread reputation than that which has attached itself to the illustrious triumvirate of the Hospital, Peter d'Aubusson, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and John de la Valette. That age had, however, now passed away, and though, during the two centuries through which the Order yet struggled, they could boast of many a chief whose talents in the council-chamber and whose skill in administration were of no mean order, still the vigour of their former days was evidently lost, and the deeds of these latter times will bear no comparison with those that had gone before. The institution may be said to have passed through its youth, and the last glorious century has not inaptly been considered as the prime of its manhood. What yet remains to tell of its political history must equally be considered as its old age and gradual decline, until eventually it sank into annihilation from the mere effects of inanition.

We need not here detail the pettinesses which go toward completing the history of the decline and fall of the Order. Our author says:

After the successful termination of the siege of Malta had left the fraternity in undisputed sovereignty of that island, and had raised their military renown to the highest possible pitch, they appeared to have become intoxicated with the admiration they had excited throughout Europe; and, throwing off all restraint, to have abandoned themselves to the wildest and most reckless debauchery.

The laws framed for the better guidance of the society were openly infringed, and the Grand Master himself opposed and imprisoned, merely for endeavouring to clear Valetta of the hordes of loose women which crowded its streets and rendered it one of the most immoral dens of seaports. The law against duelling was equally made light of.

It had been expressly stipulated that no fighting was permitted either upon the ramparts or without the town. There exists, however, in Malta a street so narrow as to be called *par excellence* "Strada Stretta," and this was the spot marked out as a kind of neutral territory, in the which irascible cavaliers might expend their superfluous courage. The fiction which led to this concession was that a combat in this street was to be looked upon in the light of a casual encounter, occasioned by a collision, owing to the extreme narrowness of the road. This street consequently became eventually the great rendezvous for affairs of honour. It was, in fact, the Chalk Farm of Malta, and numerous crosses carved in the walls on either side still mark the sites where encounters resulted in a fatal issue. The seconds posted themselves, one on either side, at some little distance from their principals, and, with their swords drawn, prevented the passers-by from approaching the scene of strife until it had been brought to a conclusion.

The extracts of the criminal records of the Order during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries show what our author calls "a fair specimen of the class of crimes most frequent in the convent." Theft, murder, stabbing, and swindling are the commonest. Sacrilege and theft of pearls and a ring of the chapel of our Lady at Palermo is laid to the charge of one holy brother; and two others are accused of "creating a disturbance during the eve of Christmas-day, by disguising themselves as ladies, and mixing with the ladies during the midnight mass." There was more of soldier than priest in all this; but no army was so deficient of good regulation as this army of churchmen, who took more vows and kept fewer than any.

The Order, established in ancient time, when reprisals of all kinds and cruelties unknown to modern ages were allowed, continued to a comparatively recent era the custom of entrapping from Barbary slaves for their own use, which ended in the Order becoming themselves privateers and traders in slaves. Our author's work contains a remarkable proof of the desire of one of our Kings to become a fellow trader:

There exists in the Record Office of Malta, amongst a number of letters written by the monarchs of England at different times to the Grand Masters, one from Charles II. to Nicholas Cottoner, which bears upon this question, and clearly proves the traffic in human flesh which subsisted, and from which the Grand Master appears to have been a purveyor, not only to the King of England, but also to those of France and Spain:—"Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To the most illustrious and most high Prince, the Lord Nicholas Cottoner, Grand Master of the Order of Malta, our well-beloved cousin and friend, greeting: It having appeared to us a matter of interest not only to ourselves, but likewise to the whole Christian world, that we should keep in the Mediterranean Sea a certain number of galleys, ready to afford prompt aid to our neighbours and allies against the frequent insults of the barbarians and Turks: we lately caused to be constructed two galleys, one in Genoa and the other in the port of Leghorn. In order to man these, we directed a person well acquainted with such affairs to be sent, as to other parts, so also to the island of Malta, subject to the rule of your highness, in order to buy slaves and procure other necessities. He having purchased some slaves, it has been reported to us that your highness's collector of customs demanded five pieces of gold of Malta money before they could be permitted to embark, under the title of toll; at which proceeding we were certainly not a little astonished, it appearing to us a novel arrangement, and one contrary to the usual custom, especially since it is well known to us that our neighbours and allies, the Kings of France and Spain, are never accustomed to pay anything, under the title of toll, for the slaves which they cause yearly to be transported from your island. We therefore beg your highness, by the good and long friendship existing between us, to grant to us the same privilege in regard to this kind of commerce within the territories of your highness, as is enjoyed by both our said neighbours and allies, which, although it ought to be conceded to us simply on account of our mutual friendship, and our affection towards your highness and the illustrious Order of Malta, still we shall receive so gratefully, that, if at any time we can do anything to please your highness, we shall be always ready to do it with all attention and most willingly. In the mean time, we heartily recommend your highness and all the members of the illustrious Order of Malta, as well as all your affairs, to the Divine keeping. Given from our palace at Westminster on the 12th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1673, and of our reign the twenty-fifth. Your highness's good cousin and friend, Charles Rex." From the terms of this letter it appears that the deportation of slaves for the use of the Kings of France and Spain was of annual occurrence, and that the "merry monarch" of England craved to be admitted to the same privilege. The results of this traffic must have been most profitable, not only from the proceeds of such as were sold, but also from the labour of those who were retained by the Order themselves. No person can now contemplate the frowning mass of batteries and ramparts, or the yawning depths of the ditches which meet the eye on all sides as the traveller enters the harbour of Malta, without perceiving that such stupendous works could only have been erected in a spot where material was abundant, and labour a mere drag. And so in truth it was in this instance. The island of Malta is one vast quarry, and the engineers under whose guidance the ramparts of Valetta were traced found that they could raise from the ditches a sufficient body of stone to complete the construction of their walls. The numerous gangs of slaves who were awaiting the requirements of the wealthy potentates of Europe were in the mean while amply earning the slender cost of their maintenance in the slaves' prison at Malta, by toiling at those vast undertakings which have raised Valetta to the position of one of the most powerful fortresses in Europe. The ramparts of that city have been reared amidst the anguish and toil of countless thousands, torn from their homes and their country, and condemned to drag out the remainder of their miserable existence as mere beasts of burden, labouring to rear those bulwarks which were to be employed against themselves and their country. No existence can be conceived more utterly cheerless or more hopelessly miserable than that of the Moslem captive, whose only change from their daily slavery on the public works was to be chained to the oar of a galley. Sometimes, however, it did happen that the fortune of war favoured these miserable wretches, and that the enslaved crew of a galley found themselves suddenly liberated from their thralldom, and their haughty masters, who had so long made them

toil for their behoof, condemned in just retribution to the same miseries and the same hopeless degradation.

England appears to have always kept up, by means of its fleet, amicable relations with the Knights. Charles II. frequently thanked them for friendly aid; and in 1713 Queen Anne gives the Grand Master "thanks, as in duty bound, for the assistance afforded to our subjects during the course of the last war," and promises not to "omit any good office by which we may be able to prove in how great esteem we hold your friendship, and with what benevolence we regard you and all your affairs."

To their last hour of rule in the island, battles with the Infidels were constant, and dangers from treachery. The most serious conspiracy was that concocted in 1745 among the Turkish slaves, for a secret rising and general destruction of the Christians on the island, and transfer of its government to the Porte—a plot that would certainly have succeeded, but for a feeling of revenge in one of the slaves in consequence of a tavern brawl, which induced him to divulge it. The last of the Grand Masters were generally employed in quarrels with the Jesuits or priests of the island. One of them, Emanuel Pinto, is the hero of an anecdote worthy of Boccaccio:

An institution had been formed in Malta, on the principle of a friendly society, the funds of which were devoted to the purchase of masses for the souls of those who, having been members of the society during their lifetime, were afterwards supposed to be in purgatory. Of this fund Pinto succeeded in obtaining the trust, and under his fostering management it gradually melted away. When taken with his last illness, questions began to be asked touching this fund, and a deputation waited upon him for some explanations concerning its whereabouts. Being introduced into his presence, and having explained the cause of their unreasonable intrusion, Pinto boldly avowed having spent the entire sum. "But," added he, "be not distressed, my brethren; I shall myself shortly be in the same situation with your friends, and I promise you I will make matters all smooth with them when I get there."

Haughty and imbecile, the galleys of the Knights, with gilded hulls and painted sails, flaunted uselessly in the Mediterranean; the Order had outlived its utility; and none felt sympathy at its fall. The first gust of the great French Revolution swept the Order of St. John for ever from that island stronghold on the ramparts of which so many successive chiefs had placed their pride and reliance. They had aided Louis XVI. by grants of cash from their properties in France; and the National Assembly in September 1792 confiscated all their property in return. They had performed a solemn mass on the execution of the King; the island had become the home of despoiled aristocratic refugees; and it was in 1798, during the mastership of the German Hompesch, that the young General Buonaparte appeared with the French army off the island, to gain a pretext for seizing it for France. A few hours fighting and it was theirs; a short time afterward the Knights had left the island for ever.

The new masters of Malta soon became unpalatable to the inhabitants, and open revolt ultimately led to British rule.

Our author in his preface briefly details the value of the island to us:

Of all the acquisitions made by Great Britain during the course of that lengthened struggle by which the present century was ushered in, and which ended in the overthrow of the French Empire and the temporary re-establishment of the Bourbon dynasty, none was esteemed of greater importance, both politically and commercially, than the island of Malta. To a nation already possessed of an undoubted naval supremacy, and holding, in the fortress of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean, it wanted but this one point more to render its position in those waters utterly and completely unassailable.

Such is the nature of the volumes which now seek rank on the shelves of history. They have been compiled from the little-known records of the Order still preserved in the island; and they bear evidence of the author's conscientious desire for accuracy throughout. His style is graphic and clear; free to a great degree of partisanship, that dangerous and prevalent vice of historians. As the island is now one of our most cherished possessions, and much resorted to by invalids since the Queen Adelaide was ordered to winter there by her physicians, its history is of interest to many. We could have wished for more in the way of topographical information in these volumes; it would have much added to their

value. They are embellished with portraits of the heroic L'Isle Adam and La Valette; their autographs beneath prove them to have been better swordsmen than penmen.

#### MR. SLEIGH ON CRIMINAL LAW.

*A Handy Book on Criminal Law, applicable chiefly to Commercial Transactions.* By W. CAMPBELL SLEIGH, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Geo. Routledge and Co.

It is the common fate of all good works—more especially when they are productive rather of profit than expense—that they invite the efforts of the parodist and the copyist, conscious or unconscious. The deeds of even Irish ex-Chancellors are not exempted from this law, and accordingly no sooner has the success of Lord St. Leonards' admirable little treatise upon the Law of Real Property become an established fact, than the press teems with a swarm of "handy books" closely imitating it as to form, size, print, and binding. If the imitation went further, and we were able to find an equally good style and the law as clearly and explicitly defined, perhaps there would be no great matter for complaint; but how can that be so? Lord St. Leonards is a ripe, accomplished lawyer, a man who has occupied the whole of a long and industrious life in the study of the most abstruse branches of the law—and that with such credit and success, that, after winning fame as a great advocate, a great case-lawyer, and a great writer upon certain branches of the law, he was raised to the highest post of honour in the law and the Legislature, and now enjoys the dignified repose which has been so well earned, associated with Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, the greatest living lawyers. What gave a peculiar and remarkable value to the Handy Book of this venerable lawyer was the unusual spectacle which it afforded, of a man who had penetrated to the very *arcana* of a science condescending to explain its most elemental truths to those who can never do more than get a glimpse at its portals. Now which of these conditions, let us ask, is to be found in those other writers of "Handy Books?" With all due respect for Mr. Sleigh—who is, we believe, a rising gentleman at the Old Bailey Bar and in the police courts, and who has, we are given to understand, covered himself with glory among our French guests, by his energetic defence of the British constitution, as personified in one of themselves—would it not be the sheerest flattery to hint that he is as respectable an authority upon the law as the author of the treatise on "Vendors and Purchasers?" Would not the blush of an overpraised modesty mantle upon his cheek if we were to suggest, even in the most distant manner, that he is capable of assisting, the satisfaction of that learned judge John Lord Campbell in the capacity of *amicus curiæ*? Why then should Mr. Sleigh write a book upon Criminal Law intended for a companion to Lord St. Leonards, on Real Property Law, and expect, by putting it into the self-same form, to persuade people that any comparison can be instituted between the two performances?

Another very important question, moreover, suggests itself at the outset with regard to this book. For what class of persons was it written? Lord St. Leonards very clearly explains the motive of his book, when he writes to the imaginary friend to whom it is addressed:

You complain to me that, although utterly ignorant of law, you are constantly compelled to exercise your own judgment on legal points; that you cannot always have your solicitor at your elbow, and yet a contract for the sale, purchase, or lease of an estate, a loan, or perhaps even an agreement to make a settlement on a child's marriage, must be entered into at once, and it is not until you have gone too far to retreat, that you learn what errors you have committed; that you are even at a loss in giving instructions for your will, and wholly incapable of making the most simple one for yourself; that you cannot readily comprehend your solicitor when you seek his advice; that, in a word, you have been plunged into a lawsuit, which a slight previous knowledge might happily have prevented.

Now this is intelligible enough; the book was written for the guidance of those who live by their property. For whom can this exposition of the Criminal Law be intended but for those who live by their crime? Mr. Sleigh is very explicit about what is larceny and what is not; but when a man has his pocket picked in the streets, does he stand still and debate with himself whether there has been a sufficient "taking and conveying" to justify him in giving the delinquent into custody? Certainly not. He

hands him over to the policeman and the magistrate, and leaves them to settle that knotty point. Well then, who are the persons interested in knowing how far they can go without getting within the peril of the law? Perhaps a brief anecdote (for the truth of which we do not of course pretend to vouch) will aid us in answering that question. It is said that, a very short time back, a man was taken into custody under very suspicious circumstances. He was found lurking in the back part of a dwelling-house, and when taken to the station he gave the name of Bill Sykes. Upon him was a bag, and in that was a crape mask, a dark lantern, some skeleton keys, a life-preserver, a tallow candle, some lucifer matches, and an instrument known as "a jemmy." But at the bottom of the bag appeared an unwanted article, a thin duodecimo volume, bound in red cloth, whereupon was emblazoned in gilt letters, "A Handy Book on Criminal Law, &c.," and upon the fly-leaf was written, in a well-known hand, "With the author's kind regards."

We are afraid, however, after all, that even this class of persons, ingenious as they undoubtedly are, will be puzzled by some of the truths imparted to them in this *Handy Book*. Imagine, for example, the puzzled expression with which Mr. Sykes would peruse the following definition of larceny, as quoted by Mr. Sleigh from the learned lips of Mr. Justice Grose. "The true meaning of larceny," said that venerable authority, "is the felonious taking the property of another, without his consent and against his will, with intent to convert it to the use of the taker." What, Bill Sykes would ask, is the meaning of that? Did ever a fellow crack a crib without intending what he got for his own use? Very shortly after, this promising student would discover that the intent to convert it to the use of the taker need not by any means be an intention on the part of the taker to derive any profit from the theft; for at page 47 he will find the case of a man who took another's horse and backed it into a coal pit. He was held to have been properly convicted of larceny, on the ground that the utter deprivation of the owner was a conversion to the use of the taker. Now how is Sykes to draw a distinction between these two forms of intention? Again, as to the taking, it would be difficult for any but a lawyer, and perhaps for a lawyer also, to draw a satisfactory distinction between these two cases:

One Wilkinson put his hand into the pocket of another, seized his purse, and actually succeeded in taking it out of his pocket. However, the purse being tied by a piece of string to a bunch on keys, which still remained in the person's pocket, the thief was unable to complete his object, and was arrested and tried for stealing the purse; but it was held that, as the purse was still attached to the pocket of the owner by the string and keys, it was still in his possession, and the prisoner was entitled to be acquitted.

#### The other case was this:

A person of the name of Walsh got upon the box of a stage coach, and laid hold of the upper end of a bag which was lying in the boot, and lifted it up some distance from the bottom, for the purpose of taking it away and stealing it. While endeavouring to pull it out the guard of the coach seized him, and he was tried for stealing this bag.

The judges held that, as each part of the bag had been entirely removed from that part of the boot which it had occupied, the taking was complete and the conviction by the jury correct. Surely, if this case was rightly decided, the decision in the case of the bunch of keys was wrong; for it cannot be but that every part of every key was entirely removed from that part of the pocket which it had occupied. Wherein consists the difference? Mr. Sleigh does not point it out. The truth is, there is no difference at all between the two cases. The man who failed in his attempt to get the purse was equally guilty of theft with the man who failed to get the bag; but the indictment charged him with a much more serious offence, viz., stealing from the person; and he was held to be entitled to an acquittal, not because there was not a sufficient taking to constitute larceny, but because there was no taking from the person. This appears clear from Mr. Archbold's book of Criminal Procedure, when he tells us that, to constitute larceny from the person, the carrying away must be, not that mere removal of the property which is sufficient in the case of simple larceny, but an actual severance of it from the person of the prosecutor; and he mentions a case in which the prisoner drew a pocket book out of the inside breast pocket of the prosecutor's coat,

about an inch above the top of the pocket; but, the prosecutor suddenly putting his hand up, the prisoner let go the book while it was still about the person of the prosecutor, and the book fell back again into the pocket. The judges held the offence of stealing from the person to be incomplete; this would be a sufficient asportation in simple larceny, but not so in larceny from the person. We mention these niceties of distinction, at the risk of wearying the reader, for the purpose of pointing out how little likely such a work is to be of any practical use.

Upon the law as to obtaining goods by false pretences, Mr. Sleigh tells us that

The pretence to be fraudulent, and the person making it punishable, must be a deliberate false representation relative to some existing or pretended to be existing person, fact, matter, or thing, made for the purpose and with the design of imposing upon the person to whom it is made, and thereby inducing him to part with his property. Therefore, a false statement relative to a mere contingency, conveying a promise as to something which may occur or be done at a future time, and not involving any declaration relative to any existing or pretended to be existing fact, will not constitute such a false pretence as the statute contemplates.

#### And he says:

If a person were to say to a tradesman, "If you let me have these goods, I will pay you to-morrow, as I shall receive a thousand pounds and have it in the Bank of England in my name before that time," such a statement, no matter how utterly false and foundationless, would not be such a false pretence as would render the person making it liable to the criminal law, because it is nothing more than a promise to do something at a future time.

We would not recommend a rogue to rely upon this definition. Should he succeed in obtaining goods by any such representation, he would probably run a greater risk than Mr. Sleigh contemplates. It does seem to us to amount to considerably more than "a promise to do something at a future time," and might possibly be held to be a false representation of a pre-existing fact, viz., an existing expectation that a sum of money would be paid into the bank in the prisoner's name. A case which comes exceedingly near this, and in which the prisoner was held to be properly convicted, is related at page 116. The prosecutor kept a beer-house and had been fined 2*l.* by the magistrates. The defendant, who was an attorney, then went to the prosecutor's wife, and, after stating falsely that he had been to the magistrates from another person who had been similarly fined, and had got the fine reduced to 1*l.*, said that if the prosecutor's wife would give him 1*l.* he would do the same for her. The false pretence in this case was clearly not the statement that he had succeeded in procuring the reduction of a similar fine, for this could be no inducement to the prosecutor's wife to part with her money, but the promise which was an implied representation of his ability to perform it. It is but fair, however, to state that after this transaction the prisoner obtained a further sum of money on the false representation that he had procured the mitigation of the fine; so that upon this part of the case he would have been clearly guilty.

The book abounds in these subtle distinctions, which appear to us to be very like those technicalities which the author is so anxious to avoid; but as to any clear principles of the criminal law, it enunciates none of them. It is a simple compilation of various decisions, most of which are to be found in the text books. In some instances it may be useful to the thief and the swindler, to show them how far they may go without bringing themselves within the danger of the law; but so far as it is intended to be a simple guide to the merchant and tradesman, enabling them to guard against knavery and imposition, it may as well be laid on the shelf at once.

#### THE LATE REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.

*Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics.* By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., of Brighton. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

BELONGING not to the High Church, to the Low Church, or to the Broad Church, Frederick Robertson was a distinguished member, representative, and champion of the living Church in England. He was not a man of genius; he was not a thinker; he was not even a great orator; but he possessed in a rare degree apostolical simplicity and earnestness. It would be unfair to estimate him by a literary standard; it would be absurd as well as unfair to judge him by reference either to heterodoxy or orthodoxy. His



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power in Brighton, the chief field of his exertions, and with which his name will for ever be associated, was that of contagious, courageous, invincible sympathy. In boundless fervor his loving heart spoke, and that was his eloquence. No other eminent preacher of modern days inspired so much affection, just because no other poured so much affection forth. The beautiful and holy soul that gleamed through his impassioned eyes and in his transfigured countenance took men captive ere one word had fallen from his lips. We believe that Mr. Robertson had originally been in the army, and though he exchanged the red coat for the black one, it was the spirit of the soldier that continued to animate him. He had a military promptitude, a martial disregard of danger. He was ever ready to be the martyr, but it was ever also with the air and temper of the most heroic chivalry. When urging his brethren to be saints, it was with the impetuosity of a battle charge. His gallant example was better than his sermons, panoplied with transforming vigour though his sermons might be. The leader of more than one forlorn hope against England's frowning citadel of miseries and sins, he died as one so devoted and undaunted should die, in the breach. Much England needs men of a more prophetic stamp. He saw not the worst either of her sins or of her miseries. Though not superficial, yet he was too prompt, too practical, and too direct, to pierce much beneath the surface. Never had he marched in the region of great tragedies and great remorses. He beheld the edifice of society shattered and tottering; but he could not fumble his way down to the foundation of its decay. The Melancthon of an age that required Luther more than Melancthon's, he shot arrows at iniquities and abominations that could only have been effectually attacked by battering rams. The foe of cant in all its ugliest shapes, he was yet not quite free from conventionalism. His quick impressionability explains this. He took in the degree that he gave, like all men of a temperament at once so sensitive and so popular. Any amendment short of a radical reformation no one in England was able to advocate or to accomplish. Cut off in early manhood, he is destined to achieve more when dead than when alive. His three volumes of sermons have attained a rapid celebrity, and the present volume will no doubt have readers as numerous, though perhaps of a different class. The most important portions of the contents are two lectures on the influence of poetry on the working classes, and a lecture on Wordsworth. We were at Brighton when the latter was delivered, and can testify to the immense enthusiasm which it produced. Mr. Robertson had very bitter foes. Some hated him from blindest bigotry; others from meanest envy. His fiercest enemies were in his own Church, though he had done so much to extend that Church's empire; and it is painful to know that by thwarting and calumniating him they darkened the sorrow of parting from family, from friends, from a beloved flock, and from admiring townsmen. But, if his noble brow was scarred and his tenderest feelings wounded, his brave heart could not be broken by such base antipathies. Though it would be wrong to question Mr. Robertson's thorough unselfishness and absolute sincerity, yet his position as a clergyman in the Church of England was somewhat anomalous. Dissent repelled him, as it must repel every man of elevated mind, of refined taste, and of Catholic culture. But the formularies of his own Church were a limit to his freedom of action. To suppose, however, that the Church dignitaries, to whose control he was more immediately subjected, would have allowed him the utmost latitude in the interpretation of the formularies which he might choose to claim, would be purely insane. Any clergyman not accepting the Book of Common Prayer in its most orthodox and obvious sense is in serious peril either of equivocating with his conscience, or of rebelling or seeming to rebel against canonical authority. A mutinous priest differs very little, if at all, from a mutinous soldier. He who consecrates himself to the priesthood in the Church of England knows that implicit obedience is demanded of him, as in every vast ecclesiastical organisation. Mr. Robertson's attitude and action, then, were substantially those of a rebel in the Church. A layman may differ from much in the Church of England, and yet be a faithful and affectionate member thereof. Here there is no inconsistency, no dishonesty. But the priest holds a relation to

the Church wholly unlike that of the layman. He is the anointed minister, the sworn champion of the established. The schismatic disposition is more fatal to a Church in one of its priests than the heretical, and a Church is bound to repress it. To seek the liberty of the prophet or apostle while held fast by the oaths of the priest involves disloyalty to the objects of the priesthood. God's prophets and apostles in every age have one kind of work, and the priests of the best Church or of the worst have another. There is no reason why the priest should not have gifts as beautiful as those of the apostle, gifts as valiant as those of the prophet; yet in his case it is involved logically, and also by a higher law than logic, that the exercise of the gifts should be subordinated to the interests of the Church, and ruled by the will of its chiefs or of its supreme chief. Our heartiest regard goes forth to loving and lofty souls, such as Frederick Robertson, who strive to awaken the religious life in the hearts of their brethren, to call the multitude from the error of their ways, and to promote the social and spiritual elevation of their country. Yet we cannot overlook the cardinal characteristics and stringent duties of a Church. For that liberty of prophesying of which the noble Jeremy Taylor eloquently spake we have risked much, and we are ready to risk more. The liberty of prophesying we should, however, utterly renounce, if clothed with the robe of priesthood in the Church of England. We think that this point is imperfectly understood, and never very fairly discussed. A Church commands; religion is the most conservative of all agencies, and a Church is the most conservative of religion's agencies; from its very nature fiercely warring with latitudinarianism. If there is the continual interchange of life between society and the Church, so much the more conservative may the Church safely be. It is when this interchange ceases that danger both to the Church and to society arises. And a Church is too apt in its declining days to confound the slavery to formalism with conservative force. Still, if it lose sight of the conservative idea, it may as well surrender to its foes at once. It has torn itself away from that deep root in the past which is its salvation—it has fulfilled its mission; let it die. That Frederick Robertson carried the liberty of prophesying to excess we do not say; but in the exulting bound of that liberty he overlooked his relations and obligations to the Church as an eminently conservative institution. We doubt also whether the priest, the clergyman, does not somewhat vulgarise his influence by mingling in every social, perchance in every political, agitation. There is work enough for his most zealous energies in his own distinct, in his own peculiar sphere. Like the Church itself, the priest commands: he speaks with authority. If he is perpetually before the world as lecturer, as platform orator, he descends to the level of other lecturers, of other platform orators. Is there no escape from the lethargy of which the Churches have been accused, except by rushing into the midst of things the most common? Herein we conceive was Mr. Robertson's principal mistake. He found the Church of England accused of inaction, of apathy. He determined to wipe away that reproach. The Church through him was to come into vital contact with the people. They who had been the most hopelessly estranged were to be brought back to the fold by the voice of one good shepherd among many careless hirelings. The sceptic was to be converted, the outcast was to be reclaimed, the jealousies between class and class were to cease. Not as an imperial power was the Church to transfix, to transform the community; it was to accommodate itself to the community's clamorous wants, almost to its caprices. Now within a limited circle, and down to a very limited depth, this scheme might have ample success. But it superficialised religion, destroyed its grandeur and solemnity. The two things least felt in these days are the awfulness of the invisible, and the worth and glory of heroism. To raise a controversy, as Mr. Robertson in some of these pages does, about the comparative value of contemplation and action, is to miss the real matter in debate. We should learn to view contemplation and action not as antagonistic facts; but religion and heroism as related realities. Why should Wordsworth be brought, as Mr. Robertson brings him, to correct Carlyle, both Wordsworth and Carlyle having seen so little what the age most yearns for, most needs? Contemplation of a merely poetic kind is a

morbid luxury; and to amplify the beautiful old saying, that to labour is to pray, into a tedious rigmarole about the dignity of labour, is to add one cant more to the leprous host of cant already existing. There is no dignity in sweeping chimneys, in cleaning drains, in emptying cesspools, or in killing pigs, though it is necessary that these and other unsavoury employments should be undertaken by somebody. The characteristic of the present age, according to Mr. Robertson—echoing Wordsworth—is the disposition to acknowledge the value of that which appears to be small and insignificant. Woe to the age if it has no deeper or truer characteristic. A divine and catholic principle should embrace alike what is small and what is great; but fruitfully it can reach what is small only through the channel of what is great. Mr. Robertson had infinite faith in the Wordsworthian philosophy as a counteractive to materialism. But what folly to expect from a sentimental poetry, diluted by vague and often vapid reflections, what, if achieved at all, must be the result of heroism and religion. English poetry has always been of a reflective kind; it has always communed with and affectionately delineated nature. Half of our poetry, from early times, has been filled with melancholy musings. There was nothing notably new, then, in Wordsworth's utterances. If the despotism of capital, the idolatry of the material, were to be resisted, it was not surely the productions—sometimes beautiful, but often childish and tedious—of a pedantic school that could be the main engines of battle. It is not the poet's vocation to be didactic. His province is at once more genial, joyous, and divine. Who is ever more to sing the freshness of the Universe if the poet takes to preaching? Poetry best fulfils its mission when not conscious of any. Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others who have tried to be philosophers as well as poets, have added lotus-eating to money-grubbing—that is, one selfishness to another, instead of triumphing over an insatiate cupidity. The meditative tendency of the English, promoted as it is by the rural life which so many of them lead, and by other circumstances, may deaden the heart for patriotic aspirations and activities quite as completely as the appetite for gain. Better poets than those of the moralising order would have been such poets as inflamed and fed devotedness to the fatherland. The heroic and the patriotic virtues, religion, and that love which is the daughter of religion,—let some poet discourse to us of these things, and we shall listen; but we shall not listen to him who prosed away to us hour after hour about an indolent passiveness. If Utilitarianism, that god of this ignoble generation, is hideous, we see slight profit in strewing daffodils at his feet. In truth, it is questionable whether Mr. Robertson, manly as we must admit him to have been, was not exceedingly ensnared by sentimentalism. He rejoiced over the popularity of authors like Dickens and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, though such authors never lead us into the realm of profound and genuine feeling. If we value this volume, it is for its frankness and earnestness, and not for its grasp or delicacy of criticism. There is no masterly array of thoughts; there are no subtle perceptions. There are brilliant rhetorical passages, but rhetorical only. As a rhetorician Mr. Robertson had few equals; yet is his style free from rhetorical trick and tawdriness. It was a leading aim of Mr. Robertson's generous career to fill up the chasm that divides the working classes from the classes above them. This is the most pervading idea of the volume. He won, as he could not fail to do, the ardent and loyal regard of the working classes; but the chasm opened again almost ere his own grave had closed. There are only two ways whereby a nation which has broken up into classes that hate and dread each other can be restored to harmonious and honest unity—by conflict with some overwhelming calamity that threatens the very existence of the nation, or by the dominance of some sublime religious idea. The former in England must prepare the way of the latter. In England class fears and detests class because all classes are held in degrading chains by the enchantments of peace. The peace which is the bounteous blessing of God, and the peace which is the craven calculation of man—how different these two! The former it is lawful to desire—the latter we should abhor as a main source of debasement and decay. It is nonsense talking to the various classes of the community and telling them that they ought to love each other. When, if a whole people was heroic, was such

teaching needed? But charities the most celestial abounded when peer and peasant had alike to fight for their country. At present, chiefly through the influence of men resembling Mr. Robertson, the higher classes have busied themselves in establishing institutions and accomplishing reforms for the benefit of the working classes. But the working classes are scantily grateful. They are disposed to hurl at the upper classes the charge of dilettanteism, though they may not use the word. It may be maintained that the interest of the aristocratic order in the condition of the poor is better than the ancient indifference; and why should we not grant this? But how little have you done when you have merely brought a ripple to the drowsy waters of indifference. An angel must come and stir the waters to their depths if they are to heal enmities and jealousies which have been growing for long years. Nevertheless, we suppose that philanthropic dilettanteism must have its day. A kind of hollow brotherhood will be created in society, and every class will profess to be satisfied that every other class is doing its duty. The dream will be delightful enough while it lasts; and it may seem cruel to disturb it with our forebodings. But we shall not cease to proclaim that, unless the community is enveloped in the cloud of one common disaster, or in the fire of one common enthusiasm, redemption for England cannot arise. As far as they bear then on social reforms, or on primordial organic reforms of any kind, Frederick Robertson's writings will leave the world unchanged. Much deeper, much higher, much wider must redeeming potencies go. But Robertson's productions may serve as a blessed leaven to the character of the individual. They will compel many a formalist to be something better than a formalist. If they bring him no nearer the awfulness of the Invisible, if they reveal not to him the worth and glory of heroism, they will help him to behold a beauty in his brother's countenance, and to panoply himself with manliness. Let then these brave books go forth cheering and conquering to all the homes of England. ARTICUL.

### THREE ARCHBISHOPS.

*The Three Archbishops: Lanfranc, Anselm, A'Becket.* By WASHINGTON and MARK WILKS. London: Bennett.

WE recollect being told in our childhood that the Archbishop of Canterbury was the second man in the realm—a fact that very much puzzled our young brains, seeing that we used to hear so very little about him, in comparison with the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, or even plain Mr. Canning or Mr. Peel. It took some time to clear up the difficulty; and even when the question of precedence in rank was explained, we used to wonder very much why the Archbishop, as Primate of all England, did not take more frequent opportunities of asserting his pre-eminence. Time was, however, when this pre-eminence was as substantial, as it is now only shadowy and complimentary. Not to know this would be to be ignorant of the entire stream of English history—at least, from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Charles I.

Of the three Archbishops whose lives are here set before us, each occupied, both by his position and native force of character, that substantial pre-eminence of which we have spoken, and which they asserted in clear unmistakable tones that ring to us across the centuries—echoes from noble spirits of the past, whose life struggles have contributed to make England what she is at the present day, the home of freedom and the admiration of the world. Such praise may sound extravagant and paradoxical to some of our readers, but we are not careful to qualify it. Let our history be read without prejudice, and it will clearly be seen that the struggle between the temporal and ecclesiastical powers in England under the Anglo-Norman Kings was one between might and right, between brute force on one side and conscience and intellect on the other. The Church, with all its faults, showed itself as the natural protector of the commonalty against the tyranny of the King and the rapacity of his barons. It was not always actuated by the purest of motives, and the allegiance that it professed to a foreign power has always at first sight raised against it a suspicion of want of patriotism. But, in those unsettled times, what was more natural than that an archbishop should appeal from anything that he regarded as a gross injustice to the sense of universal Christen-

dom? That sense was believed to have its living representative at Rome in the person of the Pope, and they who appealed to it did so not only from a firm conviction that they were doing right, but because it was the only tribunal recognised as capable of judging between them and the temporal sovereignty. We are none the less good Protestants for stating this. Protestantism was a thing to be evolved in the course of centuries, and it came in its own right time; but for any one now to ignore the benefits conferred upon Europe during the middle ages by the Church of Rome, would be as silly as if he were to shut his eyes to the much greater advantages that we have derived from the Reformation. In fact, to borrow the most ordinary illustration, it would be much the same as if he were to deny that oil lamps were of any use in lighting the streets before gas, or that there was any motive power in existence before the modern application of steam.

The authors of the present work have done good service in endeavouring to make the English people better acquainted with the history of England, and especially of the Church in England, by these studies of the lives of Lanfranc, Anselm, and A'Becket, neither of whom has had sufficient space allotted to his individual portraiture in our ordinary histories. The last mentioned is the best known, principally we suppose from his tragical fate; but his two illustrious predecessors are not less deserving than he of the tribute here paid to their memory.

The first of "the three Archbishops," Lanfranc, had already achieved a European reputation, when called from the comparative seclusion of a monastery at Caen to assume the primacy of all England. Born at Pavia in the year 1005, of a senatorial family, he was originally destined to the profession of the law, and had indeed entered upon that profession after studying successively in his native city, in Bologna, and in Cologne. As a lawyer, he soon became distinguished both for his eloquence and legal skill. "The latter was in such request, that his opinions were sought by the most experienced jurists of his time." We next hear of him as having "left Pavia, crossed the Alps and traversed France, and about the year 1036 fixed his residence at Avranches, in Normandy, surrounded by many scholars." The reason of this change in his pursuits our authors conceive to lie in the disinclination of Lanfranc to cramp and fetter his mind by the dull routine of legal pursuits. He longed to expatiate in the wider fields of metaphysics and philosophy, and "it was only natural therefore that he should turn his eyes across the Alps, to a country where mind had more activity and freedom, and where these questions had been debated for two or three preceding centuries." Whatever may have been his motives, we find him at the time mentioned acting as a teacher at Avranches in one of the schools then open to the younger branches of the French nobility. Here he soon became celebrated as an expert dialectician, and it was not long before his studies assumed a theological complexion. We next hear of him as having entered the Benedictine monastery at Bec, in Normandy, in the year 1042, he being then thirty-seven years of age. Of this monastery and its inmates the account given by our authors is far from flattering. If, as some allege, Lanfranc was actuated by ambitious motives in joining it, he must have soon found out his mistake, for the monastic brothers then dwelling there were of all men the least capable of appreciating his lofty attainments. It is more probable, however, that in entering this monastery, and taking up the profession of a monk, he sought to withdraw himself somewhat from those daring metaphysical speculations which he could scarcely indulge in without hazard to his salvation. Many now were the trials that he had to endure from his associates. The greatest virtue of a good monk, every one knows, is obedience; and to such an extent was this carried in early times, as to be for the most part galling and often ludicrous. "Everything that could abuse the heart and teach practical humility was enjoined by the rules of the order. The junior was to pay constant respect to his senior, to rise from table when he passed, and not to sit till bidden; both juniors and seniors were to maintain perfect silence except at certain hours, and to obey the order of the abbot without question or scruple." This was bad enough; but what will our classical friends say to the torture which Lanfranc must have endured when one day, as he was reading aloud,

the presiding prior objected to his pronunciation of the word *décère*, and ordered him to make it *décère*? So well, however, had Lanfranc learned to obey, that he immediately complied with his superior's mandate. Still we need not wonder that he often grew weary of this life, and at one time resolved to quit it for the solitude of a hermitage. The abbot, Herluin, it seems, learned his intention, and, having dissuaded him from it, shortly afterwards raised him to the post of prior of the monastery. Having reached this dignity, the first use made of it by Lanfranc was to open a school in the monastery, similar to that at Avranches; nor was it long before his old reputation brought him a host of scholars eager to profit by his instruction.

The kind of education given in the schools at this period is somewhat better than most people suppose, and is well described by our authors. We have not space, however, to dwell upon this, nor upon Lanfranc's fame as a teacher. Suffice it that, in the words of Ordericus Vitalis, "To understand the admirable genius and erudition of Lanfranc, one ought to be an Herodian in grammar, an Aristotle in dialectics, a Tully in rhetoric, an Augustine and Jerome and other expositors of the law and grace in the Holy Scriptures. Athens itself, in its most flourishing state, renowned for the excellency of its teaching, would have honoured Lanfranc in every branch of eloquence and discipline, and would have desired to receive instruction from his wise maxims."

Such was the man who, having attracted the notice of William Duke of Normandy, whom he served by pleading his cause with the Pope in a matrimonial affair, namely, a marriage with his cousin Matilda, within the prohibited degrees, was invited by this same William, after he had conquered the Anglo-Saxons at Hastings, to come over to England and assume the pallium of Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lanfranc was at this time Abbot of St. Stephen's at Caen, an offshoot of the monastery at Bec, and, after having achieved a great victory over the celebrated Berengarius on the subject of transubstantiation, was resting upon his laurels, little dreaming of the great dignity about to be thrust upon him. It was with difficulty that Lanfranc was prevailed upon to undertake it. He preferred to remain in his seclusion and busy himself about the affairs of his monastery, rather than mix with a people whom he esteemed barbarians, and whose language even he was not acquainted with. Having allowed his scruples, however, to be overborne, no one could have possibly conducted himself with greater dignity or more conscientious fidelity to his trust than Lanfranc. It was in the year 1070 that Lanfranc was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury; and he continued for eighteen years to administer the ecclesiastical affairs of the kingdom in a manner that conciliated the respect both of the conqueror and the conquered. Lanfranc expired in the year 1089, eighteen months after the death of William the Conqueror, and his death was universally deplored. "Even the Saxons had learnt to love the man who had so often warded from them the stroke of the oppressor; while to the Church it was deemed an irreparable misfortune."

Lanfranc was succeeded in the archiepiscopate of Canterbury by Anselm, who was born in the year 1033 or 1034, in the city of Aoust, and was afterwards a pupil of Lanfranc at Bec, in Normandy. When Lanfranc withdrew to Caen, his pupil Anselm remained as prior and teacher at Bec. In this capacity Anselm had not an easy time of it. A young and mischievous monk named Osbern carried on a series of petty annoyances against him. Anselm, however, succeeded in gaining this young monk to his cause to such an extent, that the latter, being overtaken with illness and seeing death inevitable, promised Anselm to transmit to him an account of his unknown destiny. Anselm then of course saw a vision, which tended very materially to raise him in the estimation of the brothers of the monastery; and the consequence was that when Abbot Herluin died, in the autumn of 1078, Prior Anselm was unanimously chosen to succeed him. After attaining the abbacy, Anselm's habits were not much altered, except, perhaps, that he had more to do in attending to the affairs of his monastery. Such occupations must have been wearying to him, for he was naturally of a contemplative, studious turn of mind, and indeed somewhat of a mystic as well as an ascetic. "Severe as a prior and abbot, he seemed to feel both for himself and his monks that Heaven was only to be reached by forced marches." Hence



we may believe that there was but "Lenten entertainment" generally for the poor monks under Anselm's rule—not altogether, however, because it was his choice, but in consequence of failure in the crops and the expenses incurred by putting up a new bell. Personally Anselm rather relished a hard diet, as tending to keep the body in subjection, and all the time that he could spare from his necessary daily duties and devotions was bestowed by him upon the composition of those theological treatises which immediately became popular, but are now only referred to by students diving into the literature of the middle ages.

In 1079 Anselm visited England, and was hospitably entertained by his old master, now the Archbishop of Canterbury, and high in the favour of his sovereign. Anselm's fame had come over to England before him, and during his short stay here he earned "golden opinions," not only among the clergy, but the laity as well. The King himself took notice of him, and invited him to his court, where the nobles vied with each other in doing him honour. In the spring of 1080 Anselm returned to his monastery, where he remained until 1092, when he again visited England, three years after the death of Lanfranc.

All this time the see of Canterbury remained vacant, the King hypocritically pretending that it was impossible for him to find a worthy successor to Lanfranc. The truth, however, was, that Rufus, who was perhaps the most rapacious and unjust of all our sovereigns, had resolved upon keeping the revenues of the archbishopric to himself, and had hitherto resisted all the entreaties made to him to nominate any one to the office. The presence of Anselm in England at this time has been uncharitably supposed by some to have reference to the securing of that dignity for himself. It is more probable, however, that he came over on business connected with his monastery, which had possessions in England that required to be looked after. But whatever may have been the cause of his visit, he was immediately hailed by the clergy and people of Canterbury as their Archbishop. The next day he paid a visit to the King, who received him with distinguished honour, and Anselm took the liberty of remonstrating with his royal host upon the subject of the vacant archbishopric. William upon this of course naturally expected that he was soliciting it for himself, and hinted as much to one of his friends. "But by the cross of Lucca," said he, "neither he nor any save myself shall hold that office." On another occasion he was asked permission to have prayers publicly offered up that God might move him to change his purpose respecting the appointment to the primacy. "Pray what you like," was his answer; "I shall do what I like." Matters continued in this state until about Easter 1093, when the King, being seized with a violent illness, sent in all haste for Anselm to shrieve him. Anselm was at this time on his way to the coast, with the intention of embarking for Normandy. He hastened, however, to obey the summons of the King, and upon being admitted to his presence implored him by his hopes of salvation to make reparation to the Church and people of England, so long oppressed by him. "The stricken tyrant promises everything; gives freedom to the prisoners unjustly detained, and a bishop to the church at Lincoln; pays his debts; swears to respect the rights of the people, and to enact only wise and good laws." His courtiers then press him to name a successor to Lanfranc, and at length he makes them all happy by naming Anselm. Anselm himself, we are told, was the only person that did not rejoice at his good fortune; and not only entreaties, but a little gentle force, had to be used to make him grasp the crozier. This happened on the 6th of March 1093, and on the 4th of December in the same year Anselm was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury.

Henceforward farewell to him for ever that tranquillity so necessary to his nature! "From the first," says Eadmer, "he perceived and foretold that many would be the troubles he would have to endure during his pontificate." To the Bishops who congratulated him on his election he said that they were "yoking together an untamed bull and a weak old ewe, and that the bull would gore and trample upon his yoke-fellow." And as he predicted so it fell out. The series of contests between William and his Archbishop, so well known to the readers of English history, commenced in the year 1094—upon the occasion

of William's expedition into Normandy, when the Archbishop was advised to make him a present. This he did to the extent of 500*l.*—a large sum at that time, considering the impoverished state of the archbishopric. The King, however, did not think it enough, and rejected it with disdain. The next occasion of dispute arose from Anselm's requesting permission to convene a synod for the reformation of abuses, to which the King gave a decided negative. Anselm next requested the King's permission to go to Rome, for the purpose of receiving the *pallium* from Pope Urban II. This furnished two distinct grounds of quarrel: first, because the King thought the Archbishop should be content to receive the *pallium* from himself; and second, because the English Church had not yet decided as to which of the two rival Popes, Urban II. or Clement, should be acknowledged in this country. To settle this point, the King summoned an assembly of Lords, spiritual and temporal, to meet him at Rockingham. In this assembly Anselm stated the nature of the dispute between himself and the King in a long speech, which he concluded with the following words: "Understand, therefore, that in matters pertaining to God and His Church I shall obey the successor of St. Peter; in things pertaining to the dignity of my lord the King, I shall fulfil the duties of a counsellor and faithful subject." This determination he desired the Bishops present to convey to the King; but they all declining, Anselm went himself, and repeated to the King personally what he had before stated in the assembly. The King's rage, as might be expected, knew no bounds, and he called upon the assembly to depose Anselm. This was a step, however, which they were unwilling to take, and for a time the quarrel was patched up by a hollow reconciliation. It broke out again, however, in 1097, when Anselm again requested leave to visit the Pope, and was twice refused. But this time he resolved to go, even without leave, and accordingly left the shores of England in October 1097, having first given his benediction to William, whom he was not again to see either in friendship or anger.

We must hurry over the subsequent events in Anselm's life. The Archbishop was received with distinguished honour by the Pope, while the King appropriated to himself the revenues of the archbishopric. Upon William's death, in 1100, Anselm returned to England, and upon reaching Dover was well received by the new sovereign, Henry I. It was not long, however, before a dispute arose between the two, upon Henry's insisting that the Archbishop should be reinvested by him, and do homage according to the custom of his predecessors. This involved a second journey to Rome, upon an appeal to the Pope, who decided the matter by a compromise, and Anselm returned to England—only, however, to be involved in another contest, as to the precedence between the sees of Canterbury and York. At length, however, death came to relieve him from his troubles, on the 21st of April 1109, in the sixteenth year of his primacy and the seventy-sixth of his age. Our authors, in summing up his character, pronounce him to have been "the greatest and best man of his age;" as a politician perhaps inferior to Lanfranc, but in his moral and religious character decidedly much above him.

Of the third Archbishop we have not left ourselves much room to speak. The main facts in his life, however, are so well known, that we do not much regret this. To recapitulate them here would be like making an abstract from any ordinary history of England. Let us, therefore, only say at once that our authors have contrived most skillfully to invest it with fresh interest, and that lovers of the picturesque in style will be much gratified by the description given of London at the time when A'Becket was born into it. The various events in his life are also admirably sketched—his magnificence and gracious disposition as a layman, his self-denial when he became primate, his quarrels with Henry, his inflexible consistency, his magnanimity in misfortunes, and his barbarous murder—all these are vividly brought before us; and a fit discrimination is shown by the authors in their estimate of his virtues and his failings.

#### ITALIAN VALLEYS.

*The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps.* By the Rev. S. W. KING, F.R.G.S. London: J. Murray.

It is pleasant enough to travel now and then with a companion like Mr. Sala, or Mr. Albert

Smith; but there are times when the comic and the whimsical become wearisome. Man cannot always be seeking mere amusement, or travelling for the sake of nothing but health and excitement. There are other things to be reported besides the remarks of the lisping tourist as he stood with his back to the fire in the great room of the monastery on Mont St. Bernard, or the American gentleman's propensity to "whittle" and expectorate, or the "pepper-box" shape of the towers of St. Peter's. We must have our learned travellers, our De Tocquevilles as well as our Mrs. Trollopes, our Tourneforts and D'Ossons as well as our Kinglakes and Gautiers. Mr. King is not exactly the learned traveller as he was heretofore known, who was unfortunately often a duller dog than need be. He has a pleasing style, not frivolous, yet decidedly not heavy. He sketches the Alpine valley, the glacier, the lonely hut amid the snow, the larch forest, and the mountain solitude, with a picturesque artistic touch; but he travelled with an additional purpose, which he accomplished. He set out to explore the valleys of the Alps, and examine among other things their geological and botanical features; and the result is a book which, entertaining and pleasant as it is, will not be found wanting in solid information.

Our project, he says, was

To traverse from head to foot all the remote and less frequented valleys of Piedmont which descend from the steep southern face of the great Pennine chain, from Mont Blanc west to Monte Rosa east. The latter noble mountain, with its deep glens and their remarkable inhabitants, had been an especial object of interest to us ever since we had been present at one of the great annual fairs at Varallo. The picturesque Greek-like costumes peculiar to each Val, the striking beauty of the women both young and old, the accounts we heard of the district, and also its romantic scenery so far as a hasty reconnoitring enabled us to judge, excited a strong wish to see more of them; and when, from the road between Como and Milan, on our way to Venice, we took a farewell look of Monte Rosa, its many summits glittering in the setting sun like a wondrous mass of crystal, we determined to revisit it on the first opportunity. Another and at least equal incitement was the desire to explore the wonderful glaciers and scenes of Alpine grandeur of these southern valleys. Many of them have hitherto been but little known except to scientific travellers, or through the pages of De Saussure and Forbes. They promised too, what it is not easy to find nowadays, the pleasure and adventure of travelling in a country not overrun with tourists, and abounding in every element of natural interest, from the snow-peaks, glaciers, and wild ranges, the last haunts of the all but extinct bouquetin, or ibex, to the rich valleys, with their strangely-mixed races of Savoyard, Piedmontese, Italian, and German, as strongly contrasted as the wonderful gradations of their vegetation.

With these objects in view he took farewell of the beaten track of English travellers and the city of Aosta, made ever memorable by Count Xavier de Maistre's touching story of "The Leper's tower," provided only with a pair of saddle bags for himself and his companion, and a couple of japanned cases—the whole viaticum weighing only 132 pounds—to wander for three months among those romantic scenes. Nor is it a small part of the matter that his companion was a lady. Mrs. King, with true British perseverance, scaled with him the perilous heights, skirted the precipice along the mountain road, and dared all the other dangers of Alpine flood and field, happily with only one accident. In descending into the Val de Cogne, the lady, being on a mule at one of the steepest and most dangerous points, suddenly fell and disappeared from her husband's sight under the rocks. "On hastening forwards," says Mr. King, "I found that most providentially she had just escaped the edge, and was not hurt." In this way Mrs. King bravely penetrated into regions rarely seen even by English wanderers, and perhaps never yet seen by an English lady. The difficulties of obtaining food and shelter were of no trifling kind. Oftentimes the undaunted lady slept "snugly ensconced" in her plaid upon the ground between two sheltered rocks. A "shakedown" of leaves in a herdsman's hut, or a bed of hay in a barn, was a comparative luxury. Here is Mr. King's account of one such fortunate instance:

When we sought our quarters for the night, stumbling in the dark up a stony bank, we were led round the corner of a detached hovel, through a low doorway (to enter which I had to stoop double) into a little hayloft, where, by the dim lamp, one of the shepherds was shaking up the hay ready for our beds. After cautioning us against a dark chasm at the further end of the loft, he wished us "bon repos," show-

ing me a wooden bar with which to secure the door; and then, lighting our candles, we reconnoitred our quarters. The loft only occupied half the little hovel, the other part being a mysterious dark hole, with only a loose pole to fence it off. The darkness was impenetrable; but the peculiar odour of fresh-made goats' cheese unmistakably proclaimed part, at least, of what it shrouded. The hay was sweet and dry, and we soon spread the plaids comfortably over it, put on our warm woollen jerseys, and covering ourselves up with another large warm plaid, homespun in the far distant island of Iona, we put out the lights carefully, for fear of the hay, and were soon fast asleep. Our slumbers were only disturbed by the clattering of goats, which at first startled us with their antics overhead, these restless animals never seeming to sleep, and keeping up an unwearying skirmishing all night round the hovel or on the rough shingle roof. When we woke in the morning the light was streaming through the crevices between the stones and shapeless slates, and, unbarred the door, I found it was already nearly five. We washed and made a simple toilet with the help of a pocket mirror at a bubbling stream close at hand, refreshed by the bracing morning air after the close hayloft, and with much the same exhilaration as one feels on turning on deck in the early morning, after a hot night at sea. The evening before I had set on the portable saucepan with rice, to stew all night by the embers, and now, fully swelled and with a little new milk and sugar, we made an excellent and supporting meal on it.

At another time, in a little mountain village in the Val de Biona, the travellers

Found excellent beds of fresh maize leaves, and, though at an altitude of 5315 feet, slept with the windows wide open. Fitful gleams of lightning every now and then paled the moonlight, while the streamlets below murmured with a soothing sound, and the troops of charcoal burners, who kept passing under the windows until a late hour at night, chanted in full harmony, or joined in merry choruses, which floated up from the distance as they descended the valley.

This was comfort compared with the lodging which the travellers had occasionally to put up with. Mr. King thus describes a night in the village of Cogne:

Without entering the village, we turned to the left on its outskirts, and arrived at a building with two large barn-doors, which we were told were the quarters recommended by Baron Pécoc. The place looked as unpromising as could be imagined. After thundering at the door for some time, not a soul answered, and a fresh attack with my hammer was equally unsuccessful. With the aid of a fusée I found it was past ten o'clock, when the guide came to say that he had clambered up to a window at the back, and roused the people. It was a weary time before the padrone was heard fumbling at the other side of the door, and let us and the mule in. Instead of an inn, we found ourselves in an agricultural lumber-room, not a vestige of furniture, and mother earth the floor; sheaves of corn, bundles of hay, antiquated implements, harness, yokes, &c., almost filled it. At the further end a low doorway opened into a dusky little cell, which the still mouldering embers and dirty pans, with a rough seat or two, showed to be the kitchen and living apartment. We took possession of it without ceremony; but a sleeping room seemed out of the question, until the dilatory host, who was still half asleep and bewildered at our arrival, brought a huge key, and took us up a ladder into the hay-loft, where we began to imagine we were to rest for the night, and felt quite resigned to a hay-bed again. The large key, however, was applied to a side door up a few more rounds of a ladder, which revealed a room like a pigeon loft, with a couple of pallet-beds, a deal table, and benches. It was dirty and close; but so much better than we had expected from first appearances, that we were quite content with it. As soon as we had brought in the saddle and baggage, Delapierre and myself set to work to make the place more comfortable and get something to eat. We had not been in long before every individual in the house had half-dressed, and was in the room, pretending to be busy, but in reality merely satisfying their curiosity, for as far as their efforts were concerned we should have got nothing. But Delapierre made a capital omelette, and, getting him to bring one of the doubtful-looking pans from below, we cleaned it, and I showed him how to prepare the mushrooms gathered in the morning. Picking them carefully over, they were seasoned with pepper and salt from our stores; plenty of butter and cream added—the only good things to be had, and abundant; and a large panful was sent down to stew by the fire. Delapierre himself certainly seemed very distrustful, but the people of the house were horrified at our rashness, and predicted certain death, with grave signs and shakes of the head. They made a sumptuous addition to the omelette, which was the only food procurable beside black bread. The floor was filthy beyond all precedent, abounding in entomological life, and I took my usual precaution in such doubtful quarters of sleeping in shirt and trousers, tying the latter round the ankle with my boot-laces, and my wrists with handkerchiefs, effectually puzzling the fleas, swarms of which had already begun vigorous assaults during supper, showing what

we might expect. Still we were only too thankful after the last few perilous hours to rest ourselves in any bed, having been on foot continuously since 5 a.m. Daylight showed the squalid dinginess of the room, which the light of our wax candles had but dimly disclosed the night before, and we were glad to leave it while Delapierre set to work to make it a little more habitable. He was evidently relieved to find us perfectly well after our hearty supper of mushrooms, and the people were astonished to find us alive. But for our indefatigable guide, we never could have got any water for washing, and even then a bathe in the cold torrent was indispensable before I felt quite refreshed. Descending by the hay loft and ladder into the barn-like room, it seemed even more singular than the night before; and in the little den at the end I found Delapierre preparing something for breakfast, in a dense reeking smoke. Outside there was a delicious and exhilarating freshness in the air, and the soothing Sunday chime of the bells sounded from the campaniles down the valley.

Rice, milk, goat's cheese, and polenta, with coarse black bread, were often their only fare for many days. "A little knowledge of cookery," says Mr. King—"an art, the possession of which certain philosophers have made one of the chief distinctions between man and the animal kingdom, which, nevertheless, Englishmen seem generally to despise—is invaluable in roughing it in the mountains." The fact of a strange lady crossing the Col de Vessoney excited considerable curiosity among the simple mountain folks. Many and eager questions were asked as to whence the two came, where they were going, and why; and the explanations given seemed hardly to satisfy them. At St. Barthelemy the muleteer, says Mr. King,

Was closely questioned about us, and, after a long council on our proceedings, was seriously warned to have nothing more to do with us, as, to say the least, we were most suspicious characters. Our avoiding the towns in the valleys, and passing from Col to Col in the most remote and unvisited districts to be found—and where no travellers had ever been before, much less a lady—was clear proof we were avoiding pursuit. In short, they told him they had no doubt I was running away with mademoiselle, that she was not my wife, and that if he continued with us he would get himself into serious trouble. The best way for him was to join them in refusing to take us over the Col, so that we should be obliged to descend to the main valley of Aosta by Nus, where we should be within reach of pursuit, and Barailler would so escape all further trouble about us.

On another occasion a poor woman "passionately condoled" with the lady at "being dragged up to such savage heights by a relentless husband," would not be civil to the enthusiastic gentleman, and parted with them exclaiming "*pauvre femme!*" Nevertheless, the lady held on her way, cheery enough amid the dangers and petty troubles which encompassed them—generally starting away at early dawn to encounter the fatigues of the day. On the Col d'Egua the travellers were lost in a dangerous mist:

As quickly as possible we commenced the descent, down a steep incline of loose shingly gneiss; but we had gone but a short distance when the slight track entirely failed us, near a rock at the foot of the highest point on our left. The thick clouds of drizzling mist and snow flakes increased in density, completely preventing our seeing further than a few yards before us, except at brief intervals; and Delapierre was quite at fault, his former passage of the Col, many years before, having been made with a smuggling party, in the spring, when the weather was clear, and the snow deep and firm. We were in a position of difficulty, and no small danger, as the day was so far gone, and we had no provisions or wine with us, should we be kept out on the mountains all night; nor sufficient wraps, even for E., to sleep in on the bare rock. It was imperative to make every effort to regain the track, and, leaving her with the mule, we made one détour after another; each time taking a wider circle, and signalling to one another with our whistles; but all in vain. We found nothing but wild morass or stony wastes, ending in impracticable precipices, or what seemed so in the indistinctness. At length Delapierre, after another trial, hailed me, saying he had found a track in the ravine below, to which we quickly descended, and followed it along the shingly debris; but the narrow mark soon became fainter and fainter, leading us over strangely wild ground, up hill and down dell, until I felt convinced we were entirely wrong, and proved to him clearly by my pocket compass that we were steering to the south of east, and so quite out of our reckoning. We had no alternative but to turn back again. Time was most precious, as we had already lost two hours in wandering about. I therefore determined to return to the rock from which we first started, and endeavour to get back over the Col, by the better marked track, to the hovels we had left at noon, if within a given time we could not find the descent, by taking the widest

circles we could within sound of my whistle. We scrambled up again as hastily as possible, seriously calculating the prospects of a dreary night on these lonely heights, drenched to the skin, with nothing to fortify us against the night air and rain, and but a scanty supply of black bread: when I fancied I heard a faint clattering of shingle far above us. Stopping the mule to listen, Delapierre and I gave a joint whoop, which, to our joy, was answered by a wild Alpine cadence, evidently from a shepherd. We made our way in that direction, and at the top of our voices begged him to come down to us. He refused for a long time, but at last consented, stimulated by the promise of a liberal reward and Delapierre's reproach that he himself would go through fire and water to help lost travellers in his own country, and especially a "*signora*." It was even now difficult for us to find one another in the mist, which we only did after a great deal of shouting and whistling; when he led us back to the very rock we had left, and then across the morass, over a little stream, at the same point I had crossed it. Near this, within a few yards of one of my circles, was the long lost track, at the very edge of an apparent precipice—the reason of our having tried no further in that direction. It now seemed strange we had missed it; yet every one who has been lost in such heavy cloud and mist knows how bewildering is the effect, and how strangely every feature of such a scene is distorted and magnified, even when well known.

Mr. King's sketches of the still primitive life of the little towns and villages in these valleys are curious and interesting. The chamois hunter is there still a real being, and not a poetical embellishment; and real chamois—not goat's flesh, which is sold for it, where tourists expect to find it "*genuine*,"—is common at their table. Here we have a pleasing picture of the little German colony of Rima—a spot isolated from the world, shut out from the sun for months by "overhanging gloomy ridges" with a snow-winter which lasts from November to May or June.

A community more in contrast with what its first distant view would have led us to expect, could hardly be imagined. The women (and, with the exception of children and the curé, the population seemed nearly made up of them) were very handsome and graceful; with complexions strikingly clear and fair after the darker Val Sesians; and especially remarkable the finely drawn eyebrows and lashes of their almond-shaped eyes. Their vigorous forms were undistorted by the appliances of artificial society, and their becoming costume was like the Val Sesians'; the short petticoat distinguished by a broad red hem at the bottom. The very few men we saw were equally robust and well made; and it was a gratification to see so high a physical type combined with so much energy, under such adverse circumstances; and, as at Alagna, they were so far educated that every soul of fit age, as we were told, could read and write fluently. In language, manners, and marriage, these little German communities have for centuries held themselves entirely and proudly aloof from the other inhabitants of the valleys: and, considering the smallness of their respective populations, and that all are intricately connected by the closest consanguinity, it is a remarkable fact, of which I could find no satisfactory solution, that they are so signal an exception to the usual pernicious effects of frequent intermarriage, both mental and physical. The church, large enough for a city parish, and pleasantly situated on a terrace in front of the chief houses, had decorated side chapels; on each side of the choir, large carved doors inclosed reliquaries, and the air was heavy with the perfume of incense. Outside, in an arched recess, grating in front, was a pile of bleached skulls, neatly arranged and finished up with three, on each of which was a curé's worn-out, four-cornered black cap, as if in grim mockery; but we were told they were the actual crania of three of their former respected pastors—the latest not fifty years old! The population at home were busily employed in bringing in the new hay, collected from every nook where grass grew; with wood for the winter, and other stores; filling all their spare chambers, and piled up in the tiers of balconies outside their wooden chalets, for winter use. In the principal balcony of the curé's house was a row of beautiful carnations in pots, in full bloom. Every knoll resounded with the tinkling bells of the cattle, which seemed eating all they could get before winter caught them; and the valley was for the time a busy scene of active life. There were several little garden patches, in which I noticed with surprise some excellent vegetables; and Delapierre—who, since his initiation into the mysteries of Scotch broth, was always on the look-out for anything available for the pot—secured some fine carrots, to complete the soup we had left simmering at Rimaseo. Outside the village we met with the curé, sitting on a wall with two of the landowners, all smoking their pipes; and our appearance greatly astonished them. He was a very robust-looking contrast to the dry bones of his predecessors which we had just seen; but, though he seemed far too portly for the mountains, he was evidently intimately acquainted with every pass, and kindly gave me much useful information.



In this way, ever busy with his geological hammer, his insect net and botanist's portfolio, Mr. King and his undaunted partner visited almost every nook between Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, its sister queen of mountains at the extreme end of the great ridge. His book will probably attract many others into those paths. Ladies less bold or hardly than Mrs. King may sojourn in one of the valleys, and find objects of interest. At Gressoney St. Jean, says Mr. King:

Delapierre had recently fitted up the house in hopes of inducing English travellers to frequent it, and see more of the beauties of the Val de Lys, as those tourists who had passed over from the Val Sesia, by the Cols of the Val Dobbia and Ranzola, to the Val d'Aosta, had generally done little more than stay the night, or pushed on after a brief halt. Even where there was no mercenary motive, this hasty flight through their valley seemed to disappoint and puzzle the inhabitants. Proud of the grandeur of their native mountains, which can attract strangers from so far, and at such expense and often inconvenience, they are utterly at a loss to divine why they generally make all possible haste to get over the ground, hardly pausing to bestow more than a passing look on the noblest scenes when they have reached them, and still less caring to explore and enjoy them. The feats of young Cantabs and Oxonians, scampering over pass after pass, with often apparently no other object than trying who can venture in the most novel break-neck situations, or arrive at the greatest height and back, or accomplish the furthest distance, in the shortest time, have not tended to elucidate the mystery. The love of grand and glorious scenery, sporting, searching for gold—the light in which they consider geologising—or making observations, they can understand; but any intelligible object beyond expending a superfluity of health, strength, and money, they are unable to discover in the restless haste and superficial habits of "l'express Anglais," which soubriquet they had appropriated in despair to these hurrying visitors. Certainly nothing gratified the people more than taking up our quarters with them until we had thoroughly explored each district, and it made us many friends.

Mr. King, among his other qualifications for the task he undertook, numbers that of being a creditable draughtsman. His numerous sketches of mountain scenery, glaciers, and nestling towns and villages, add much to the interest of his book. It is long since we have met with a tourist so entertaining.

#### BARON ALDERSON'S PAPERS.

*Selections from the Charges and other detached Papers of Baron Alderson. With an introductory Notice of his Life, by CHARLES ALDERSON, M.A., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.*

Few readers of this little volume—in these days of book-making, a marvel of brevity and succinctness—but will wish that its editor-author had put it together on a different plan. Instead of the process here followed, the "Selections from the Charges and other Papers" of the late lamented Baron Alderson might, with profit and pleasure to the general public, have been made subsidiary to the "Introductory Notice of his Life." Baron Alderson was and is so interesting a personage, that his life and letters might well have formed a volume by themselves; and Mr. Alderson is so pleasant and skilful a biographer, says what he has to say so well, and makes his distinguished relative tell his own story so happily, that we would gladly surrender the charges, &c., if the space they occupy could be filled by more biography and letters of the eminent and amiable judge. The charges and judgments, after all, have chiefly an interest for lawyers, and even for a special class among them. What of general interest they contain (and that is by no means inconsiderable) could easily be incorporated in the biography. If the volume reaches, as is very likely, a second edition, Mr. Alderson may repair his modest mistake with advantage, and with ease too, for doubtless he has many unused letters and reminiscences of Baron Alderson at his command. By restricting himself to his present narrow limits he has been forced to give an imperfect view of his subject. In a mere introductory notice, he has been naturally led to represent too exclusively the serious side of the late Baron Alderson's character and career. In public and in private, Baron Alderson was noted for his wit; but of this there are few indications in the present volume. With its inevitable deficiencies, however, the biographical notice is at once a graceful and substantial memorial of one who was in several respects a model English judge. Against any sins of omission may be

pleaded great merits of commission. The worst we can say of the book is, that it is too brief. Last week we hinted that the two volumes of memoirs of Vathek-Beckford would have been better in one volume. It is complimentary censure to say of this one volume that it would have been better in two.

It says much for the character of Baron Alderson that a memoir of him should claim this criticism. For his career lacked two of the leading elements which bestow an interest on the biographies of so many eminent lawyers. He had little or nothing of a struggle to undergo, and he was never a practical politician. He was born at Yarmouth in 1787, the son of a successful barrister, who combined in his own person the recorderships of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Ipswich. Edward, the future judge, was noted as a boy for an insatiable love of general information, and for a placid and affectionate disposition. Though his constitution does not appear to have been delicate, it is certain that when he was transferred, a boy of thirteen, from the air of rural Norfolk to the Charterhouse, his health began sensibly to fail, and he was recalled by his alarmed father. The fact is worth mentioning in connection with the recent controversy on the removal of public schools from London, the more so that in later life the metropolis eminently agreed with him. After a further course of provincial schooling, he was sent to be prepared for the university by Mr. Maltby, the late Bishop of Durham. It was with a high reputation, and amid the great expectancy of his relatives, that in 1805 he was entered at Caius College, Cambridge. His success was most brilliant. Senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman, "he was in due time announced as first medallist, thus completing by this last achievement a list of honours almost unequalled in the annals of the university." The only other degree identically the same, Mr. Alderson adds in a note, was that of a certain Mr. Brundish, otherwise unknown to fame, so far back as 1773, and who also, by a rather curious coincidence, was a Caius man. In 1809 he repaired to London, to follow the profession of the law, his own choice. Two years later he was "called," and joined the northern circuit. His letters of this period, playful and genial, display a keen taste for the picturesque and beautiful in nature, and those to his cousin, Mrs. Opie, the well-known authoress, abound in snatches of verse. So early as 1811 we find the young barrister, speaking of a visit to Brougham Castle, describe it as "the house of the great Mr. Brougham's father!" But this admiration of "the great Mr. Brougham" was exclusively of a legal and forensic kind. In Church and State, Baron Alderson was from first to last a Conservative.

Whether through his university success or through accident, he escaped the prolonged discouragement which so many eminent lawyers have met with at the commencement of their career. He was soon a barrister in good practice. From 1817 to 1822, moreover, he discharged, in conjunction with Mr. Barnwell, the laborious task of reporter to the King's Bench, and of his industry there is extant a well-known memorial. He married in 1823, and the year after, writing from Carlisle, he is able to say that "he has been employed in every defended cause, and led all but one," so that his, clearly, was not an improvident marriage. The same year he "led" an important case at Lancaster against Scarlett, Williams, and Brougham, and was highly complimented by the judge. He was now a made man, and circuit business so flowed in on him, that he could scarcely find time, in the spring of 1825, to run up from York to cross-examine George Stephenson before the celebrated Manchester and Liverpool Railway Committee of the House of Commons. Of his badgering the great engineer, the biographer says that "Mr. Alderson was simply concerned as discharging an obvious duty to a client." No doubt; yet, in after years, the patriotic and conscientious judge could scarcely without a twinge have thought of his attempts to obstruct the start of the greatest material enterprise of the century. The successful Conservative barrister might have been reasonably looking forward to Parliament and the Solicitor-Generalship, when an event occurred which tended, his biographer thinks, to damp his ambition. His near connection, Lord Giffard, the Master of the Rolls, died suddenly and prematurely—it was conceived, of overwork and worry. The incident led Mr. Alderson to moralise on the price to be paid for the possession

and retention of the great prizes of the law. "Henceforth," it is hinted, "his thoughts, as regards the future, turn more in the direction of a pious judgship, and less towards a prolongation of labour at the bar or an entry into Parliament." Nor had he long to wait. In the November of 1830, he took his seat on the Bench in the Court of Common Pleas, without having attained the rank of King's counsel. He happened to dine (with his brother judges) at the Pavilion at Brighton, the following year, and King William "began," he writes to a friend, "to compliment me on my youth; on which I amused him by telling him that in consequence thereof I had the honour of serving him in a double capacity, that of judge and militiaman." The Baron was 44. He just lived to reach the Scriptural age of three score and ten, dying in the January of 1857. His seventeen years of judicial life were passed happily for himself and profitably for his country. He was fortunate in his family relations. "Love, honour, troops of friends," escorted him through his later years.

Of Baron Alderson's judicial qualities it lies beyond our province to speak. Some of his opinions on social and other controversies may, however, be adverted to—opinions expressed both in the letters, which are scattered throughout the biography, and in the more elaborate papers to which the memoir professes to be an introduction. On the question of secondary punishments, he was opposed to the total abolition, but in favour of a modification, of the transportation system. In his last charge, delivered at the Liverpool Winter Assizes in the December of 1856, he laid it down that it was cruel, after a course of prison discipline, to throw the criminal loose on a society where, even if there were a demand for his labour, there was no inclination to accept it. Corrigible criminals, or at least the criminals who had attained to outward decency of conduct, he recommended as fit subjects to be transported, and he avowed his belief that we "should have no difficulty in getting colonies to receive them." Certainly, there is truth in the remark that "the objection before was that we accumulated them" (the miscellaneous undisciplined criminals) "in such numbers in one unfortunate colony, that the colonists could not bear with them." Of the Reformatory movement Baron Alderson was at first a sceptical observer, deeming that the useful training of the reformatory school was almost an incentive to parents to allow their children to commit crime. But experience of the valuable results produced by reformatories gradually overcame this feeling—one by no means uncommon, and which, we may add, has in our own experience been frequently eradicated by a perusal of the temperate and argumentative article on the general subject published in the *Edinburgh Review* four years ago. To the cant about the connection between crime and want of what is called "education" he was steadily opposed. Very early in his judicial career he found the assize at Durham the heaviest ever known. "I recommended," he writes, "the country gentlemen to inquire why Northumberland produced so much less crime than their own county. I believe it is the superiority of the police. Education apparently has nothing to do with it, for more than two thirds of the criminals at Durham were by no means deficient in that respect." And, in the charge in which he gave in his adhesion to the Reformatory movement, he strongly pointed attention to two facts established by experience at Redhill—(1) that the few youths of superior education who had entered it were by no means the best conducted, and (2) that among the general inmates there were as many good scholars as bad ones. Nor can we quit Baron Alderson's opinions on vexed problems of social science without a reference to his views, original and suggestive, on the law of settlement. The main features of his proposal were the total abolition of removals, the liability of the parish in which the pauper was resident to relieve him, but accompanied by the proviso that the relieving parish should be repaid by the parish of settlement, which in every case should finally and unchangeably be the birthplace of the pauper. By a simple machinery he proposed to put an end to the expensive litigation between parishes disputing their liability to the burden. But the great advantage of the scheme, he considered, lay in its tendency to end what he called "the system of fraudulent jockeyings of one parish by another, by pulling down cottages and the like, in order to shift the burden unfairly from themselves to their neighbours—

jockeyings," he adds afterwards, "principally, I do not say universally, resorted to for the purpose of preventing the acquisition of new settlements." If there be insuperable objections to a national rate, Baron Alderson's plan seems the next best worth considering.

With the careless public Baron Alderson passed in his lifetime for a Tractarian—an impression which a perusal of this volume will go far to dispel. A High Churchman he was, but no Tractarian. While he writes regretting the late Bishop of London's mode of dealing with Mr. Bennett, he speaks freely of the latter's "over-rubrical and ceremonial absurdity." On another occasion, writing about Miss Sellon and her Sisters of Mercy, he styles them "these women," and says: "By what I call follies, and what they themselves think unessentials, they have raised this storm." But a hatred of anything like persecution predominated in his character, blended with a certain catholicity very different from Catholicism. The most orthodox of judges thought Mr. Maurice harshly dealt with when he was dismissed from his professorship at King's College, and strove hard, though unsuccessfully, to bring about an amicable arrangement. His conduct in the Gorham case was characteristic. In letters, public and private, he argued emphatically against that famous decision being considered a legitimate excuse for departure from the Church of England. While avowing that in his opinion the decision was an erroneous one, he maintained to the Bishop of Exeter himself that, "after all, no ecclesiastical rule can properly be said to have been violated by the judgment of the Privy Council in the Gorham case; but that it is quite right that the Crown should have the jurisdiction in such a case which they have actually exercised." The judge and the lawyer were not absorbed by the High Churchman.

But apart from religious and social controversies, it is the character, so difficult to describe in words or to shadow forth in extracts, of the high-minded, conscientious, accomplished, devout, affectionate, English gentleman and English judge, which attracts in the life and letters of Baron Alderson. That in the present generation the Bench should have been adorned by two such men as Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Coleridge (we forbear to speak of living merit), is enough to seal its character with posterity. Many reproaches may be justly levelled at English law and lawyers; but what inherent worth must there be in the body which can produce, and the system which can promote, men like the two whom we have named? It is one great service done by books like the present one, that they not only gratify personal and surviving friends, but that they make the public acquainted with the high character and honourable career of men, the knowledge of whose worth might easily be limited to a professional or private circle. The more of such memorials the better.

#### NEW PICTURES AND OLD PANELS.

*New Pictures and Old Panels.* By DR. DORAN. Bentley.

DR. DORAN'S position in the world of letters may not be super-eminently illustrious; yet there are one or two reasons why we like him better than some cleverer people. This is an age in which the purveyors of light literature seem to have become ashamed of their vocation. Nobody, out of the circle of Punch or Christmas burlesques, will allow that he does anything to amuse anybody else. There is, indeed, no lack of humorous literature; but it is surprising that anybody should write what nobody will own. Popular novelists apparently think it their vocation to ameliorate the human species, and a poem without a purpose is as rare as a phoenix. It never seems to occur to modern writers that genuine talent numbers simplicity and unconstrainedness among its attributes, and that, if the evils of the world really arise from men's failure to fulfil the designs of nature, they will scarcely be mended by the addition of a little more unreality and affectation. When not wholly insincere, this mania for moralising about everything is but the daughter of an unlovely scepticism—that which sees no divinity in men and things as they are, but only as they may be made the material of sermons. A healthier posterity will turn with impatience from the feverish devotion, the restless speculation, the morbid self-anatomy, which make up the bulk of what it seems almost absurd to call modern light literature.

Now, there is nothing morbid or affected about Dr. Doran, or anything more straightforward

and business-like than the style of his productions. Not that they are in any respect dry or hard: the Doctor's business is to do the agreeable, and he does it with as much shrewdness, vigilance, and thoroughness as any son of commerce takes stock or balances his ledger. So unmistakable is this real or seeming geniality, that we doubt not nine-tenths of his readers have taken it for granted that, out of the five sciences which entitle the adept to bear the appellation of Doctor, the one honoured by the attentions of the author of "Table Traits" is medicine. Visions of a comfortable arm chair, blushing wine and brown walnuts, a rosy visage, and a presence inclining to the portly, snowy linen and a gold ring, rise as we read, and remain when we have risen from reading. There is something about the style bland, honeyish, plausible; something too of slyness blends with the prevalent joviality, like that of a doctor pleading, with eye-twinkles more expressive than his words, against the ridiculous prejudice that the guardians of health are in any way adverse to the due enjoyment of the good things of this life. Perhaps it is to the actual proximity of undesirable potions that such talk is indebted for its zest: certain it is that the gay conversation of a medical man is always pleasing, be the subject-matter as bald and stale as it may.

This privilege can hardly accompany the printed chat of Dr. Doran, who is only a doctor of philosophy. Nevertheless it is surprising how good the imitation often is, and how much momentary interest an animated manner can communicate to what subsequent reflection must needs pronounce neither worth the telling nor the hearing. It must, we fear, be owned that the popularity of Dr. Doran's books is coming more and more to depend upon the manner. Each successive volume marks a fresh point in the *decrecendo* scale. Probably demand has over-stimulated production. It would be absurd to remonstrate seriously with the author, as with one who has a genuine reputation to lose; yet we could wish him to recollect that even a commonplace-book is by no means necessarily a book of common-places.

Nothing in the present volume is so far remote from this unenviable character as the slight biographical sketches of Chenier and Oehlenschläger. These are interesting in themselves, and written with taste and judgment. "Venus appearing to Aspasia" is a good story spoiled by the conclusion. The more ambitious effort styled "A Picture in Three Panels" we can only pronounce a dismal failure, equally in want of interest and  *vraisemblance*. The successful introduction of historical characters into a story presupposes a sympathising appreciation of the men—not merely of their exterior belongings and *bons-mots*.

Two favourable examples, respectively grave and gay, will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the better elements of this farraginous publication.

"But there was something singular and indescribable about Caroline. The artists called her 'Carl's angel,' and all who looked at her were struck as at the aspect of an unearthly beauty. She, in truth, only half-belonged to this world. They who spoke of her transparent beauty, only thus signified that Caroline was like a delicate flower, fragile, tender, sweet, but destined to be short-lived. Books were her only pleasure. Between these and profound thought she passed her hours, chiefly at her father's side, to whose remarks she often replied, in silence, with a smile. And Carl would look at the smile till he could not see it for his tears."

"She was as pure, as pale, and as fragile as alabaster. She loved her home, had a distaste for worldly pleasures, and, if led reluctantly to where feet were twinkling in the dance, she would smile on the dancers, but would not share in their pastime. As she grew in years, still remaining young, her melancholy grew with her. On her it hung as a peculiar and irresistible charm. One would have thought it as natural for an angel to break into rude laughter as for this fair young student to have looked up from her books with anything more strongly hilarious than a smile."

"One morning she entered Carl's studio alone. She was more pale, more superbly melancholy, more thoughtful than ordinary. She sat down in the artist's unoccupied chair, before a canvass already prepared, but as yet undrawn upon. After a moment or two she arose with a sigh, took a pencil, and commenced sketching. Carl had watched her, and from behind one of his own large pictures in the studio he endeavoured to overlook her design. 'She is a true Vanloo,' said Carl, 'and the pencil falls naturally into her fingers.' At the same moment the young girl laid down her pencil, and moved back a step or two to see the effect of her sketch. Carl hurriedly

stepped forward for the same purpose. She started, half screamed, out of pure nervousness, and then faintly murmured, as she extended her hand to him, 'Father, you frightened me!'

"The father was, in truth, much more frightened himself. He shook with emotion as he gazed at the canvass. On it he saw gracefully and touchingly sketched the figure of shrouded Death, under a female form, and the features bearing an unmistakable likeness to those of Caroline herself."

"Carl suppressed as he best could his terrible emotion. He even tried to smile as he said, with broken utterance, yet feigning gaiety, 'Incorrect! incorrect! Mademoiselle; I will show you what you wanted to do, and how you ought to have done it. I will give you a lesson.'

"The 'master' took his pencil and his palette, altered the outlines, converted the shroud into a drape of cloud, and touching the cold face of the young Death, gave it colour, made it smile, added to it the apparent tips of two bright wings, and metamorphosed it into the form and figure of young Love."

"There, Caroline," said the poor father, again attempting to smile, 'is not that exactly what you intended?'

"She put her hand on his arm, looked steadily in his face for a moment, and then, drooping her head, answered, 'No, Father, that is not what I intended.'

"Carl saw that she was paler than usual, and, folding his arms about her, he lifted her from the ground, and carried her, weeping as he went, into the apartment of Madame Vanloo."

"The daughter fell on the mother's breast, uttering no other words than 'Death! Death! It was Death I was thinking of.' These were the last words she ever uttered, except wild phrases in a wild delirium, through which she passed before she breathed her last."

The other is as follows:—

It happened that an English carpenter, serving in our early wars with the French, was taken prisoner, and in order to lighten the heavy hours of his captivity, and accomplish an end that should purchase his ransom, he bent his ingenuity to the task, and, after much labour, "compacted of wood, wyer, paste, and paper, a roode of such exquisite arte and workmanship that it not only matched in comeliness and due proportion of the partes the beste of the common sorte, but in straunge motion, varietie of gesture, and nymbleness of ioyntes, passed all other that before had bene seene. This wonderful roode, if it could not carry on an argument like the Androide of Albertus Magnus, which logically foiled Thomas Aquinas—could do all but that. It could raise or seat itself, could hold head erect or move with body bent. The office of motion was familiar to every limb. It could roll the eyes, "wagge the chappes," frown portentously when displeased, or smile mirthful as sunshine when the cloud had passed. Scorn, contempt, indifference, earnestness, joy, sorrow, anger, or content, all sped over its face in successive phases of emotion, according as temper marked the time. The cunning artifice of this dainty work not only compassed his liberty, but took with him into freedom and his native land the wonderful image itself. He journeyed therewith through the smiling fields of Kent. A sorry jade bore the marvellous roode on its back; while the author of the work followed his production humbly afoot. There was good ale to be had in Rochester in those days; and when the weary and thirsty carpenter had arrived in that city, he entered a well-reputed inn, without intent of tarrying longer than would suffice for him to get at the bottom of a tankard. In the mean while he left sorry steed and glorious burden to wend slowly on their western way through the admiring city. The horse, however, was no sooner committed to his own responsibility than he adopted an independent course. Suddenly turning southward, he broke into a miraculous gallop, and never stopped till he had reached the abbey-church-door at Boxley. He assailed the gates there with such vigorous application of his heels, that the entire brotherhood, after an exclamation of inquiring astonishment, rushed to the portals. There they were nearly all ridden over, as the horse charged through them, brought himself up, with a congratulatory neigh, at the foot of a pillar, and intimated thereby that he had selected that spot whereon the roode should be at once raised, to challenge the general wonder and enrich the fraternity. The monks thereon addressed themselves to their assigned work with alacrity, and they were in the act of unloading the carpenter's steed, when the owner himself rushed impetuously into the church, clamorously claimed his own, and went to loggerheads with the monks, who disputed the fact of his proprietorship. Being at length satisfied upon this head, they bade him take his own, if he could, and depart therewith. The smile on their radiant faces interpreted an inward conviction that there had been a miraculous transfer of proprietorship, and that the saints above, who had witnessed the transaction, would support them in their question of right. The carpenter, meanwhile, troubling himself not at all with subtleties of any quality whatever, quickly strapped his handiwork on to the back of the horse, and forthwith, by tugging at the bridle, showering down encouraging, deprecating, menacing, or blaspheming epithets, endeavoured to pull brute and burden to the portal. But the brute refused to



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stir, and the burden urged it to maintain its obstinate resolution. The artificer then unstrapped the figure from the beast's back, thinking so to carry it out of the church, and then to return and lead his horse into the high road. But when he had placed the image on its feet upon the ground, it would no longer consent to be moved at all. All the united and persuasive strength of the owner and the monks, who affected to do their utmost in seconding the efforts of the carpenter, availed nothing. Thereupon the good brothers asked if the owner could any longer resist belief in what before was sufficiently palpable, namely, that the divine figure had ridden down to Boxley Church of its own accord—yet divinely impelled? The carpenter shook his head with a very sceptical air, and was little moved by the appeals made to his religious sensibility. Logical conviction, however, descended upon him when the Abbot put into his glad palm a purse full of new-minted coin. He at once thereupon saw and believed; and he readily left the work of his hands to stand and exact reverence as "the great god of Boxley." Such is the legend of the Carpenter's Road.

These are the ripest fruits of the basket. We feel no call to exhibit the inferior qualities.

#### CRIMEAN VETERANS.

*Our Veterans of 1854: in Camp and before the Enemy.* By a REGIMENTAL OFFICER. London: C. J. Skeet.

We have absolutely nothing to object to this book, but that it is a little out of season. It is written with a pen so picturesque, a vivacity so exhilarating, and a relish for danger and fatigue so thoroughly English, that it could not have failed, if published four years ago, to have been widely popular, notwithstanding the familiarity of the scenes which the writer describes. He sailed with his regiment from Southampton—sojourned with them at Malta, Scutari, and Varna; embarked with them for the Crimea; fought at the Alma and at Inkerman, and was a spectator of the insane charge of Balaklava. Here is a portion of his version of that more than thrice-told tale:

All purple and gold and snowy plumes, the Light Horse trotted forth, Cardigan their leader. They had not proceeded many hundred yards before Nolan darted to the front. As the first cannon opened on the little band of heroes, he waved his sword and cheered. Cheer no more, hot spirit; that boom is your knell! The splinter of a shell struck him on the breast—he threw up his arms—he uttered a wild scream—and his horse, whirling round, galloped towards the advancing line. A few files opened out to let the wounded officer pass; and, just as his charger tore through the ranks, the impetuous Nolan fell a corpse to the ground. Faster, faster, like a gust of wind the brigade sweeps down the valley. Presently it is within 800 yards of a posted army. The redoubts on the enemy's left hurl fire upon it. The batteries on the right hurl death and mutilation upon it. The guns in front vomit hell point blank upon it. Men are dashed from their saddles by scores; on all sides bleeding horses bolt riderless; the earth is strewn with carcasses, and with the quivering forms of gallant men and gallant beasts. But no dismay—not a soldier swerves. Head-foremost the heroic living spur. The nearer the melting squadrons close on the Muscovites, the quicker, the thicker fly roaring, whizzing missiles, shell, shot, canister, bullets—the more horrid the massacre. Now our dragoons are amongst the guns of the slaughterous-fronting battery. Of the gunners, some are trampled down, hewn down; others avoid the avalanche by creeping underneath their pieces. But, alack, the direct fire has ceased, the rifles blaze away with unmitigated bitterness; and the dark line of cavalry ahead swoops upon our paladins, now jumbled into one shapeless, riven, battered throng. For a minute or two there is furious clashing of steel, and many "grinding acts" of swordsmanship are done on both sides. But, on a sudden, it is perceived that the columns of horse and foot, ranged on the slopes to the enemy's right, are moving into the valley, with the view of walling in the English. Back, back, now or never! With one grand impulse the glorious wreck of the Light Brigade wheels about, dings off the foe's grip, and retreats. Skirmishers try to oppose the flight, but they are ridden down. Every pace lessening their numbers, our Hotspurs fly. See; Muscovite cavalry has drawn up across the valley. No hope; our men are doomed. Still a chance. A calm, brave soldier commands the 8th Hussars (the regiment in support). He marks how tremendous the peril is. A thought and a blow with Shewell. He rams his Hussars like a thunderbolt at the grey-coated dragoons. Can Russians, however numerous, withstand the edge of Irish sabres? No; the mass trembles. At a heavy cost to the 8th the mass is forced back—triumph of quality over quantity; and, thanks to the prompt decision of a good officer, all that is left of the Light Horse reels on; some bloody men still mounted on faint, staggering chargers; others running afoot; some shakoless, others swordless, with wounded and riderless steeds careering madly in the midst. Here the Heavy Dragoons interpose to cover retreat. With

admirable steadiness they push between their comrades and the enemy; and, sternly confronting that terrible fire, many a brave fellow drops in the ranks of the Greys and Royals. Nor were our allies slack in stretching forth a helping arm. Although General Morris (in command of French cavalry) does not appear to have been instructed relative to the fourth order addressed to Lord Lucan—an order, be it recollected, in which special reference was made to the French cavalry—he (Morris) no sooner descried how seriously the brigade Cardigan was jeopardised, than, like a loyal brother-in-arms, he decided on striking a blow for its extrication. To this end three squadrons of that celebrated horse, Chasseurs d'Afrique, under General d'Allonville, an officer of Algerian repute, were let fly at the battery on the Russian right; a happy blow! Up the broken and rugged ascent the barbs climbed with the agility of cats; and, in a few seconds, the French cavaliers were among the cannon, slashing men and hamstringing horses. While engaged thus profitably, a column of infantry (which had lain hidden hitherto) sprang up, and sent a volley into the Chasseurs, who, nothing daunted, rode at the foot, and fought a hard fight with it till the trumpet sounded the recall. This vigorous bout completely succeeded. The battery, which had been blowing to atoms the disordered remnant of the Light Brigade, and also severely damaging the heavy regiments covering the retreat, was silenced, but not without heavy loss to the Chasseurs. Unquestionably to the promptitude of General Morris, to the skill of d'Allonville, and to the audacity of the mere "sworders," do we owe it that so many of our light horsemen returned to tell their imperishable tale.

A scene more calm, yet not less terrible, will afford another specimen of the writer's powers. It is a part of his description of a walk with a friend on a chill and misty November morning over the field of Inkerman.

We are close on the gorge of the battery, so we pick our steps carefully, lest we tread on death, which has possession of every yard of ground. Carcasses of man and brute (scarce a horse that entered the field hereabout came out of it alive), English bearskins, Russian forage caps, Zouave fez, muskets, rifles, all bespattered with clotted blood and brains, are thickly tumbled about. Devilish medley! Look on the faces of the fallen, and mark how various is their aspect. Here, for example, lies a soldier of my own company. In life he was a handsome fellow; but there is such a saintly serenity about his countenance now, so pure and unearthly in outline have his features grown, that, had it not been for a peculiarity in the colour and wave of his beard, I might have failed to recognise him; "he looked so grand when he was dead." It is evident, from the posture of his stiffened arms, from the cartridge which remains between his lips, that the fatal bullet struck the hero to the heart as he was in the very act of firing his rifle. The only exception to the perfectness of the attitude is that, the fingers having relaxed their grasp, the musket has dropped therefrom. He could have suffered no pain, not the merest throes between mortality and immortality. This peculiarity of instantaneous death is quite common. Within twenty paces of my dear comrade a French Chasseur d'Afrique lies stark on his back, with the right hand raised to the peak of his kepi; he must have been hit while saluting an officer, to whom probably he was delivering a message. On the other hand, men slain with bayonet stabs exhibit no such heavenly calm. Their features are convulsed; leaden orbs bulge from their sockets; their mouths are wide open, their blackened tongues protrude; mud and grass are held in their clenched fists; the blood-sloken soil is ruttled with the frantic violence of their expiring struggles.

Great events have stirred the heart of England since 1854; the heroes of that time are already succeeded by a new generation, and the outlandish Russian names, once so common, sound less familiar in our ears. Those, however, who can still take interest in a narrative of the Crimean war will not be disappointed in this book.

#### ANOTHER INDIAN BOOK.

*Recollections of a Winter Campaign in India in 1857-58.* By CAPTAIN OLIVER J. JONES, R.N. London: Saunders and Otley.

The literary skill of the writer of this volume is not very perfect, and his sprightliness is rather heavy. As a specimen of his humour we may mention that he calls falling asleep, lying in the arms of "Murphy." Some notion of his idiomatic freedom may be gathered from the facts that fine horses are described as "spicy;" persons who are wanting appetite are said to be "off their feed;" a tailor is a "snip;" a thrashing is called a "walloping;" and so on. As a narrative of personal adventure, however, the work is not without interest. Captain Jones, as will be seen from the title, is a sailor. He started for India as a volunteer, and served with Sir William Peel and the Naval Brigade through a great part

of the campaign. We will select two scenes from his pen. The first is a military execution:

We went to Furrukabad to see the execution of the ephemeral king. Poor wretch! he only enjoyed his usurpation for a very few hours. There is a principal street which runs through the whole length of the town, which is divided by six or seven gateways, some very handsome. Close to the middle one grew a fine tree; and this, from its central position, was chosen for the place of execution, one of the branches of the tree being made use of for the gallows. We found an immense crowd collected, both of natives and inhabitants, and of the idlers from the camp, besides a considerable military force to maintain order. One would have thought that, on so serious an occasion as that of an execution, especially of a person of rank, there would have been some decorum and decency of behaviour; but on the contrary, most people seemed to think very lightly of it, and were cutting their gibes and cracking their jokes. Some country people came up with some poultry, which was seized and sold by a mock auction, by an officer acting as auctioneer; in the middle of which good fun the guard with the convict arrived. He was tied down on a charpoy—a sort of native bedstead—and carried under the fatal tree, upon which he cast an anxious look when he saw the noose suspended therefrom. He was then stripped, flogged, and hanged. He had on a handsome shawl, which an officer took possession of on the spot—an action which requires no comment. The man behaved with great firmness. While the rope was being adjusted, a soldier struck him on the face; upon which he turned round with great fierceness, and said, "Had I had a sword in my hand, you dared not have struck that blow"—his last words.

The second gives a glimpse of two great heroes of the war—Sir William Peel and Sir Colin Campbell:

On the march I again met Captain Peel and his Naval Brigade: he was delighted to see me, and congratulated me upon getting off so easily as I had, with only a clip on the hand; he seemed to think that it was a very lucky thing to get wounded, and I rather agree with him that an honourable scar is worth having. He was in great spirits at the thoughts of soon having his monster guns in full play at the devoted city of Lucknow. About noon we came to the encampment near the Alumbagh, where Outram had so long repelled the attacks of his countless foes; with the small army of heroes under his command, and there I first saw him. He was talking to, and taking leave of, Sir Colin. Sir Colin received me very kindly, though he good-naturedly shook his fist at me, and said, "You got that poking your head where you had no business," pointing to my hand in a sling. I dare say he was alluding to an order of his, which I knew nothing about, disapproving of staff officers and aides-de-camp putting themselves at the head of regiments when there was anything daring to do. I had no idea of doing anything of the sort, but merely cantered past as the 53rd was advancing, and, what a man on horseback can always do, got quicker to the breach than they could. My only feeling was pretty much what Sir Charles Napier said a soldier ought to have—a wish to stick my sword up to the hilt in the first Sepoy I met; and, thank goodness! I did run one fellow through before I was disabled. . . . Sir Colin is certainly a marvellously strong and enduring man; no amount of work and fatigue seems to have any effect upon him. A couple of days before, he had ridden from Lucknow to the Alumbagh, and back to the camp near the Bunnie Bridge, a distance of between fifty or sixty miles; and that, in an Indian sun, is what few men could go through without great exhaustion and fatigue. I am told his staff had quite enough of it, and that he was quite fresh. There are few qualities in a General of more importance than being able to go through a great amount of exertion without knocking up; and that Sir Colin possesses, among many other great qualities, in a remarkable degree.

Captain Jones is a tolerable artist, and has embellished his book with some spirited sketches of the scenes he witnessed.

#### JULIAN THE APOSTATE—A DRAMA.

*Julian the Apostate, and The Duke of Mercia: Historical Dramas.* By the late SIR AUBREY DE VERE. London: Basil M. Pickering.

If we test these dramas by those which have been published during the present year, we should assign them a very respectable position; but, tested by England's dramatic literature in general, the result must be widely different. Shakspeare gave such extraordinary development to the drama, that he has checked further development, if such were possible. A great mind may well pause before it ventures on a path which the greatest mind of any age has illuminated. It is this respect—nay, we may say this ordinary caution—which keeps the path of the drama comparatively clear of adventurers. The lower

circles of poetic art, especially the lyrical, are crowded with artists, simply because in those circles there is more equality of intellect. Figuratively speaking, a competitor may touch the shoulders of Burns, who cannot reach the knee of Shakspeare. An ordinary drama is not perhaps more difficult to write than an ordinary poem, and intrinsically is worth just as much—why, then, are so few dramas attempted? The fact is that the English people have but one standard in dramatic art, and that is the highest which the world has produced. With that standard every newly-fledged dramatist is sure to be compared, since the people love no other and venerate no other. A poet does not like willingly to be subject to this ordeal, for the odds are terribly against him. It may be asked why, with such love and veneration for the highest standard, certain dramas occupy the stage now which have nothing in common with Shakspeare? Simply because in representation people like to see the individuality of the actor. Mr. Robson is the finest illustration of this, and instead of writing for all mankind, play writers write for him. As a question of national literature the case is different; and with such different conditions must we contemplate two such dramas as *Julian the Apostate* and *The Duke of Mercia*. Not here is the question of the individuality of an actor raised, but the gain, if any, to the drama. Sir Aubrey de Vere's two plays were first published in 1822 and 1823. So far as we know, they made no great stir in the world, nor are they likely to make a sensation now. The reason may in some measure be accounted for by the fact we started with, namely, the extraordinary development of the drama in England by one man. We much prefer *The Duke of Mercia* to *Julian the Apostate*—first, because it has more freedom of expression, and secondly, because it has national interest. The art of the dramatist is also more conspicuous here. The introduction of Gunilda in the opening scene, with all her griefs and wrongs, and then her sudden withdrawal by death, serves admirably to whet the vengeance of Canute and Sweyn. This opening scene is rich with what is not absolutely essential to the drama, but which in modern times has been made a portion of its constructive beauty—we mean pictorial descriptions of natural objects. We think likewise that *The Duke of Mercia* has, more than its companion, what Schlegel declared indispensable to a good drama—action. Briefly to sum up the merits of these plays, we may say that they display a cultivated intellect, but can hardly be said to rise to the higher power of characterisation.

*The Annual Gift Book: a Drawing-room Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages.* 1859.—This handsome volume contains the series of portraits which have been published, with biographical notes, as supplements to the *Illustrated News of the World*. Forty portraits are contained in the present volume, comprising specimens of most of those classes which are what may be truly called celebrated among their fellows. It is noticeable, however, that, although royalty, statesmanship, nobility, arms, and religion are very largely represented here, literature proper has but two representatives, namely, Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Albert Smith, whilst science has to

be contented with a single representative, Professor Faraday, and art is entirely unrepresented. Yet the stage furnishes the subjects of not less than five portraits, among which it was scarcely in good taste to include Miss Amy Sedgwick. Of the execution of the portraits it may be said that they are capital specimens of steel engraving, though very unequal in their similitude to the originals. That of Mlle. Piccolomini, for instance, is an admirable and truthful portrait; but those of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Charles Kean are simply as untrue as it would be possible for portraits to be. The biographical notes are well and apparently accurately compiled—in fact, just what such notes relating to living men ought to be.

*Recollections of Literary Life, and Selections from My Favourite Poets and Prose Writers.*—By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. (Richard Bentley.)—Another very welcome and seasonable reprint of this pleasant and gossiping book, by one of the liveliest, cleverest, and purest of women. The success of the previous edition, in 1851, renders it needless for us to do more than to indicate the fact that Mr. Bentley has here republished it in the form of a well got-up and very compact volume.

*A Manual of Photographic Manipulation.* By LAKE PRICE. (John Churchill.)—This little manual was published some months back, and should have received its due notice long ere this, had it not been for the kindness of a practical photographic friend who undertook its examination, but who, after keeping it six months, returns it with an intimation that he has nothing to say about it. In a case like this, no criticism must be taken for favourable criticism; for, as it is designed for the practical photographer, he alone can be considered fully capable of detecting all its faults. For our part, we can but say that it is what it professes to be, a manual of photographic manipulation; that it describes all the processes fully and clearly enough to be quite intelligible to the unscientific; and that it further aids the understanding of the student by a number of well-executed woodcuts, representing the various apparatus in use.

*The Primæval World: a Treatise on the Relations of Geology to Theology.* By the Rev. PATON J. GLOAG. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)—Mr. Gloag has indeed reason to aver that some apology seems necessary for a new discussion of the question as to the possibility of reconciling the Mosaic natural philosophy with the truths of science. This question has been so often debated, in these columns among others, that nothing but a very remarkable and convincing novelty of argument, or some new and important addition to our knowledge of the subject, seems to warrant a return to it. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Gloag's book is very well put together; and that, although he goes over much ground which must be elemental to the least advanced geologist, yet his own knowledge of the subject is evidently large, and he has spared no pains in making himself acquainted with the best authors upon the subject he has handled. With regard to the general tendency of Mr. Gloag's argument, it may be said that he is not a very obstinate stickler for the Mosaic philosophy *pur et simple*. Opining that the Pentateuch was not written for the purpose of teaching geology to mankind, he is, as he very guardedly puts it, "unable to think the period arrived when a satisfactory theory, reconciling the Mosaic cosmogony with the facts of geology, can be very confidently advanced." Mr. Gloag has also come the conclusion, "after a very careful examination of the arguments on both sides of the question," that the deluge of Noah was limited in extent. From these specimens of his views it will be seen to which side of this high argument he inclines.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CAUSE OF THE POLES.

*Affaires de Pologne.* (Affairs of Poland.) Paris. 1858.

M. J. B. OSTROWSKI, formerly Secretary to the Administration of Justice in Poland, has published in Paris a pamphlet remarkable for vigour of style, force of argument, and the clear view it affords of the present state of the question between the Poles and the Emperor of Russia, whose projects of reform and liberal tendencies succeed to the reactionary period of violence and repression which commenced and closed the gloomy reign of Nicholas I. The pamphlet discusses important points with extreme moderation, but with earnestness; the heart of the writer beats with the pulsations of the heart of his people, and no higher praise can be rendered to one who has proved his steadfastness to the common faith by many years of labour and sacrifice. "It is well," said the Italian Béranger, Giusti, "for a man to have lived, when upon his tomb can be inscribed

the testimony that through life's changes he has not changed his standard."

In the year 1856 the Czar at Warsaw addressed the Poles in these terms: "All that my father did was well done; no visions!" And by the word "visions" he defined the desire of the people for the restoration of their nationality, a desire he promised to combat with severity. In the same year, 1856, he proclaimed an amnesty, which consisted only of permission granted to Polish emigrants to implore leave to return to their country. The permission craved was accorded finally to not more than 726 persons.

In order to justify this first manifestation of the Emperor's views, it was suggested that his hands were tied, that the Muscovite and German parties watched his movements, that he could not condemn the memory of his father, nor break abruptly with the policy of the past.

A sincere wish to ameliorate the condition of Poland is, however, universally attributed to the Czar Alexander; he is moved by a generous

thought, but remains Muscovite, finding within and around him grave obstacles to the realisation of justice in Poland. He has revoked none of the tyrannical measures of his father; the ancient system continues in vigour; nothing in effect is changed; except that the Government is carried on with mildness instead of persecution; hopes are excited, but the facts of reform are wanting.

A considerable number of Polish exiles have been recalled from Siberia during the present reign; amongst them many Catholic priests, the peculiar objects of the late Czar's vengeance. The author's friend Wysocki, he who commenced at Warsaw the insurrection of 1830 and the war of 1831, has been allowed to return, but not to resume possession of his confiscated property. The Polish language is still proscribed; its use is only now tolerated in schools for the education of girls, and partially employed in a medical school established at Warsaw. Russian is the official language. Recently the Czar proclaimed at Wilna, "I love the Poles; I will prove it by



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acts." The acts rest in perspective. He visited the Catholic churches, promised that none in future should be transferred to the Russian Church, but omitted to make restitution of those already appropriated. Commencing the great work of emancipating the peasants throughout his dominions, the Emperor first turned for support to the Polish provinces, trusting that his project would be there the most favourably received. He judged correctly; but the emancipation is far from real or complete. The visit of Alexander to Wilna excited high anticipations, with disappointment for the result. The warm greeting, it is whispered, given by the Poles to Prince Napoleon offended the Russians; the Czar decided that he had done enough for Poland, and it would be safer at present to suspend reforming operations.

In the meantime, Russia does not forget old habits, old ambitions, or to apply the famous axiom that hope and flattery are the two great forces by which mankind are led. The semi-official journal, *Le Nord*, exhorts the Poles to abandon their ancient struggle, and to unite with Russia in labouring to ameliorate the condition of the Slavonic race, for "Russia clearly recognises the precious elements of civilisation contained in Poland." On this hint M. Ostrowski speaks, counselling his countrymen to abstain from all violence even in thought; he claims, on the admission and in the interest of Russia herself, justice for Poland. The eloquent appeal to the Czar is too long for extract; the following brief passages from the reply addressed to the editor of *Le Nord* convey the leading thought of this clever pamphlet:

We desire, also, that the ancient struggle should be abandoned; but how? For the exclusive profit of Russia? leaving to Poland no other right than that of yielding adhesion to all which has been accomplished against her for the purpose, openly avowed and energetically pursued, of annihilating her historic nationality? Shall the ancient struggle cease, and be maintained the measures of oppression and spoliation, the interdiction of all political and intellectual liberty imposed on Poland by Nicholas I.? . . . In allusion to my country you say, Poland, you demand her aid for the liberation of the Slavonians. Thus you admit the existence of a Poland, a Polish idea, a Polish power, a Polish civilisation. As Poles we thank you; it is a progress, a step towards reconciliation; it is permitted to pronounce the name of Poland. But, seriously, where is this Poland? To us, Poles, her existence is not doubtful; we believe in her, we have faith in her future; but does the Russian Government comprehend this as we do? If Poland is a dream only, a memory, a dead nationality, an extinct idea, why invoke the name, why summon her to the liberation of the Slavonic race? But if, on the contrary, the Russian Government admits that there is a Poland—that she lives still, with that strong courageous life which a long series of atrocious persecutions and cruel iniquities have had no power to break—if the Government admits it, then let us be addressed as a people. Is this a rational demand? Is it injurious to Russia?

#### AGARDH'S NEW SYSTEM OF PLANTS.

*Theoria Systematis Plantarum, &c.* Auctore J. G. AGARDH, Prof. Lundensi Bot.

SWEDEN holds a very high rank in the annals of botany. The Linnean system has not yet quite lost its hold on the affections of the small but

select botanical public of England; and now we are treated with an entirely new natural system by an eminent Swedish naturalist—a worthy supplement to the labour of the illustrious Linnæus.

We leave to Dr. Lindley, Dr. Balfour, Mr. Babington, and the members of the botanical societies of Edinburgh and London, the task of explaining to their disciples, followers, and members the merits of this work. It is here merely announced.

It is not a *refaccimento* of former systems either artificial or natural, but a *bonâ fide* new arrangement of the natural orders on new principles.

#### FRENCH COMEDIES.

*Un Amour sous Enveloppe, &c.* (Love in an Envelope: a Comedy in one act, by MM. NORTH PEAT and P. BUCHÈRE DE BEZALLES).

*La Troisième Tasse, &c.* (The Third Cup: a Comedy in one act, by M. NORTH PEAT). Paris: Librairie Nouvelle, Boulevard des Italiens. 1859.

THESE little one-act comedies form the first two numbers of a series, entitled "Théâtre de Salon." The difficulty of finding short plays with few and easily personable characters, and requiring no change of scenery and costume, is one familiar to the cultivators of private theatricals, both in France and England. This "Théâtre de Salon" is intended, we presume, to supply the deficiency so far as the former country is concerned. We can recommend the two plays already published to English amateurs. Few changes would be required to transform both into capital little acting pieces for the English drawing room or private theatre.

Of the two, we prefer *Un Amour sous Enveloppe*, M. North Peat seems to work more successfully when he has a companion. The time is the autumn of 1720, after the conspiracy of Bellamare: the scene is laid in the environs of Paris. Eugène de Fontarbe has been commissioned by the Regent Duke of Orleans to carry to M. de Valery a pardon for the latter's nephew, who has been several years an exile, in consequence of his participation in the conspiracy. When Eugène arrives at the locality of his mission, the young exile De Launay, by one of those curious coincidences which only occur in the drama, is in the neighbourhood awaiting a stolen interview with his sister Berthe, who has not seen him for several years. Berthe has written a note to her brother, appointing an interview at ten p.m. in a neighbouring wood, and intrusted the missive to an old and faithful but bibulous serving-man. The ancient domestic drops the letter, which falls into the hands of Eugène, while he is vainly searching for the residence of the Marquis de Valery. He opens it, and resolves for a freak to go to the trysting-place, as he fancies, of the lover and his mistress. Berthe receives her supposed brother with open arms, and Eugène is hard put to it to give suitable answers to her queries. At last, when he has fairly fallen in love with her, he avows that he is an impostor, an avowal which is overheard by the brother, who arrives somehow or other upon the scene. The lady is indignant, the brother furious, the real lover in despair. There is to be a duel, when all is discovered. Eugène finds that the imaginary

rival is a brother not a lover; De Launay, that his foe is the bearer of his pardon; and Berthe that she loves the young gentleman who so eloquently confessed his treason. All go home to supper together, Eugene most grateful to the tipsy serving-man who dropped the letter, in the envelope of which he found love!

*La Troisième Tasse* is somewhat more farcical. Thérèse, a young, beautiful, and wealthy maiden, has retired to the environs of Paris with her elderly guardian Simeon. She inhabits the house occupied up to his recent death by an old gentleman much attached to her, and the uncle of a certain young gentleman of the name of Lucien. It so happens that, a twelvemonth before the play opens, she had met Lucien at her first ball; that they had fallen in love with each other; but that he had soon and suddenly disappeared, honourably conscious of his own poverty and her wealth. He does not know her name; and when his uncle dying leaves him his fortune, on condition that he shall offer his hand to this very Thérèse, the young gentleman is in despair. However, he writes to her, informing her that on a certain hour of a certain evening (that of the play itself) he will call upon her, a mysterious stranger, who does not sign his name. Now, it seems that (with less even than dramatic probability), in order to keep off extraneous and miscellaneous lovers, Thérèse has intrusted her maid to inform all inquirers that she is very old and very ugly. Punctual to the hour, Lucien appears upon the scene, and learns from the maid, to his horror, that his uncle's selection is a deformed and aged beldame. The more fear that she may be captivated by him and insist upon a marriage, by refusing which he will forfeit his uncle's fortune. A sudden thought strikes him. Suppose he represent himself to be old and ugly too; perhaps she may cry off. He bribes the maid to deceive her mistress to this extent, and, hearing the enemy approach, locks the door. To the astonished Thérèse (outside the door) he declares that he is overwhelmed by every distorting and defacing disease that flesh is heir to; that he cannot bring himself to show his face to her, while he explains the object of his visit; and that he will only consent to admit her, if he is to remain behind a screen, unseeing and unseen. She consents. He tells his story and his love for the unknown and beautiful heroine of the ball. Of course it is disclosed that Thérèse is this very heroine, and the screen does not perform its function of concealment long. Then enters the elderly guardian, who had resolved that very evening, in a *tête-à-tête* with his ward, to propose to her. He had gone out to put off a lady-friend expected to tea, in order that he might make his declaration undisturbed. Before going out, he had told the maid, laying the tea-things, to remove a third cup set for the expected lady-guest. He returns to find Thérèse in the arms of Lucien, and that there is still occasion for "la troisième tasse" which gives its name to the pleasant little piece.

The two plays are well fitted for the ordinary stage as well as for the drawing room. But our English dramatic adapters from the French do not need a hint. Already, no doubt, they have their eyes on *Un Amour sous Enveloppe* and *La Troisième Tasse*.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE exertions of intrepid explorers are gradually extending our geographical knowledge of the vast Australian Continent. The *South Australian Register* gives the following account. Messrs. Stuart and Foster, about August last, started from Mount Eyre, on the eastern side of Lake Torrens, on a private exploring expedition to the north and north-west of Swinden's Country. They crossed over to the west of Lake Torrens and forced their way to lat. 28° 30' S. and long. 133° E. About twenty-five miles to the north of Mr. Babbage's camp on the Elizabeth they found a considerable extent of permanent water; and to the north-west of that again a large river, abounding with fish, running east and west, with tributary streams from north and south. They also discovered what they believed to be the real Lake Torrens, a large inland sea, which probably receives the drainage of the Victoria river and of various other northern portions of the continent. Major Warburton, the Commissioner of Police, is organising

another exploring expedition. He will probably fix his depot on the river discovered by Messrs. Stuart and Foster, and thence explore the country in all directions north of that place to the boundary of the colony. Returning from thence, he will then endeavour to connect the waters discovered by Parry to the west of Mount Serle with the permanent water laid down by Stuart and Foster in lat. 29° 30' S. and long. 137° E.

A geologist of Montpellier, M. Marcel de Serres, has lately communicated to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, some curious facts relating to the shifting sands of the French Mediterranean coast. These sands are first thrown upon the shore by the sea. When dry, they are carried a long distance inland, suffocating all vegetation to the depth of two or three feet, and transforming rich vineyards and fields into a desert waste. Tamarisks are planted to counteract the evil; but sometimes neither plantations nor walls are sufficient to prevent the sands from covering roads and fields. In studying this phenomenon, M. Marcel de Serres discovered that these shifting sands

form two distinct zones—the first containing fine sand, with few shells and but little organic matter; the second having shells, round shingles, and fragments of rocks. The first only is carried inland, the second remains on the coast; and, notwithstanding the disastrous effects at first, these, when mixed with rich mould, make an excellent soil for growing the vine.

Fresh discoveries of copper in South Australia are announced. One mine is stated to be extraordinarily rich, and with a large supply. Another, at Bandaleer, thirty miles north of the Burra Burra mines, gives fifty to fifty-five per cent. of metal from ore only seven feet below the surface. An official report states that the country north and south of the Kapunda is of a nature congenial to metallic richness; so also is the ground south of the river Wakefield. On the North Rhine there is a lode of copper of good quality. On the Ready Creek mine, about twenty miles further north, there is a lode of copper and iron running north and south, and cropping out at the surface. At Chambers mine malachites have been

produced, of which fifty tons had been shipped for England. These statements show that the colony is at present in her infancy with respect to the produce of her copper ore; for while new mines are being discovered, the old mines at the Burra Burra yield still a quantity as large and a quality as rich as at first.

M. Babinet, of the Institute, has communicated to the *Débat* the following points on meteorology, observing first that the science is still in its infancy. The dominant wind of France and of Europe is the south-west, which carries the warm air of France to Russia. The next strongest wind is the north-east. After the warm wind the cold one may be expected, which blows at uncertain intervals between November and March, and seldom continues longer than three or four weeks without interruption. For several years this counter current has not prevailed; but last year there were signs of its reappearance, and, being unable to force back the warm current, it took a circuitous route through southern Europe. Thus cold was severely felt at Constantinople, and it will most probably visit France.

The want of a new and inexpensive material for paper has, during the last few years, brought the inventive faculty to bear upon the subject, not however, as it would appear up to this time, with any very promising results. Some experiments lately made by Mr. Houghton seem to be in the right direction. A trial of these was witnessed last week at Mr. Perkins's factory in Francis-street, Gray's-inn-lane, by several paper makers and other gentlemen. The flax refuse was put into a small boiler, heated to 380 deg., and then boiled in alkali. After about three hours it was converted into very satisfactory pulp. A public exhibition will take place as soon as a large boiler is manufactured for the purpose.

A course of scientific and literary lectures, with numerous illustrations and dissolving views, have been inaugurated at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Pepper, late of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, has been engaged for the purpose of delivering these lectures, and from the reputation that gentleman has earned, these will no doubt command the attention of the public, especially during the present holiday time.

**IMPORTANT PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERIES.**—The importance of the discoveries of M. Nièpce de St. Victor may not at first strike the reader; nevertheless, it opens a field to photography almost as extended as chemistry itself, inasmuch as almost all soluble chemical substances are rendered available in the practice of the art. Take a sheet of paper and impregnate it with any soluble substance, let it dry in a darkened room, and then isolate it under a negative, take it back to the dark room, and treat it with any of the re-agents capable of combining with the substance operated upon, and you will have a picture of almost any colour you desire; for example, if the paper be impregnated with nitrate of uranium, exposed, and then treated with a solution of red prussiate of potash, a beautiful red picture will be obtained; and if this be afterwards treated with sulphate of iron a fine blue picture will be produced; and if other re-agents be employed, instead of the sulphate of iron, pictures of different colours may be obtained.—*The Photographic News.*

**GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.**—A meeting was held at Messrs. Barton's rooms, in Upper Wellington-street, Strand, on Friday evening, the 17th instant, for the purpose of organising a new society to promote the study of geology and its allied sciences. The means proposed are—the holding of periodical meetings for reading and discussing papers, and the exhibition of specimens; arrangements for facilitating the exchange of specimens between distant members; the formation of a typical collection of fossils suited to the wants of students; a library of reference; and the delivery of short courses of lectures. It was announced in the course of the proceedings that 120 applications for membership had already been received. The first meeting will take place early in the new year, when more detailed plans will be stated, and an inaugural address delivered by the president.

#### MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

**THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.**—Colonel Sykes in the chair. The following fellows were elected:—Mr. Edward Baines of Leeds, Mr. Spencer Herapath, Mr. H. B. Hyde, Mr. Francis Jourdan, Mr. Wm. Rennie, and, though last not least, Miss Florence Nightingale. Mr. Fox read a curious and interesting paper on the vital statistics of the Society of Friends, in which was shown the relative numbers of the members of the society, male and female, at different periods, principally during the present century. The society has existed for upwards of 200 years, but it has during the last 40 been rapidly decreasing, the progress of which decrease and some of its causes were pointed out and explained by Mr. Fox. The total number of Quakers in the United Kingdom, male and female, in 1840, was 19,700, of whom about 3000 were in Ireland, and a very small proportion in Scotland. In 1847 the numbers had diminished to 18,000, the principal decrease being among the female members. The society mastered in great strength in King Charles's reign, during which period there were 2820 marriages in a year, whilst from 1850 to 1856 the marriages amounted annually to only 628. During the preceding 10 years the yearly average had been 659. Up to the year 1739 many persons had associated themselves with the Society of Friends and were reckoned

members of the body who were not strictly Quakers; but in that year membership was more clearly defined, and that occasioned a great nominal diminution of the society, though the attendance at their places of worship was not decreased. After that time a more strict attention was paid to the conditions of admission and to the continuance of membership, and the secession owing to marrying out of the society was one principal cause of the dwindling away of the body. The following table, showing the annual number of deaths of males and females proportioned to the births in 100, in successive periods of 10 years each from 1800, speaks conclusively to the diminishing numbers of the body:—Number of deaths to 100 births: 1800-9, males, 89; females, 110. 1810-19, males, 94; females, 116. 1820-29, males, 104; females, 125. 1830-37, males, 106; females, 130. From this it appears that there were in the last period 136 deaths of males and females to every 100 births. The proportion of births and marriages in the same periods of ten years showed also a diminution of from 5.09 per cent. to 4.40, the average being 4.81, and the ratio of fecundity in the society was less than in the general population. The secession of the males, from various causes, from the society is greater than that of the females, in the proportion, in 1837, of 18.1 per cent. of males to 10.1 of females. These secessions are the principal cause of the decrease of the society, and produce a larger preponderance of females among Quakers than among the general population. Notwithstanding the decrease of the body, the average mortality of individuals is considerably less than that of the other members of the community, and it appears that, contrary to the general rule, the males are longer lived than the females. This was partly attributed by Mr. Fox to the neglected training of the female children; but it was afterwards observed that it may be attributed to the more regular habits of the male members of the society as compared with other portions of the male population. The expectation of life in the general population at five years of age was stated to be, males, 50.2 years; females, 50.4; and at 20 years, 40 and 40.8; whilst among the Society of Friends the expectation of life at five years of age is, males, 53.8; females, 52.1; and at 20 years of age 43 and 42. The conclusions to be drawn from Mr. Fox's paper therefore are that the Society of Friends is fast decreasing by secession and by deaths; that the secessions of males exceed those of females, and that the deaths of the latter preponderate; that the operation of the former cause occasions a larger proportion of females in the society than of males, and that the marriage rate and the ratio of fecundity are less than in the general population. A short discussion took place at the conclusion of the paper, in which Mr. Neilson, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Farr, and Colonel Sykes took part. The latter observed that the interesting statistical information afforded by Mr. Fox showed that that valuable body, the Society of Friends, would ere long become extinct if it continued decreasing at the same rate as since 1820; and Mr. Farr stated that it had been estimated that, if this rate of diminution continued, there would, at the expiration of 200 years, be only one Quaker left in the United Kingdom. The meeting then adjourned to the 18th of January.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—At the meeting of the society on Wednesday evening—Mr. Thomas Clegg in the chair—the paper read was, "The Culture and Preparation of Cotton in the United States of America," by Mr. Leonard Wray. The author began by dwelling upon the magnitude and importance of the cotton trade of this country, and its present state of dependence on the imports from the United States. This source of supply might at any time, by unforeseen circumstances, be cut off, and he was happy to find that so much attention was now being directed towards providing what seemed to be a natural remedy for such a state of things, by the encouragement of cotton culture in the numerous colonial possessions of Britain in the negro territories on the west coast of Africa, and in other suitable localities. The cultivation of cotton, however, was something new to the British colonist, and, indeed, to the British nation altogether, and Mr. Wray, having had special opportunities of becoming acquainted with the subject, had thought that an account of it, more especially with a view to obtaining a tolerably correct estimate of the relative value of free and slave labour, would prove interesting to the society and useful to the country at large. It was remarkable that the cotton plant, besides its well-known product, also yields a very pure oil, stated to be equally to that of the olive, an excellent oilcake for feeding, and a fibre from the bark which might probably be found to be of importance. The auxiliary products should certainly be borne in mind; but in all calculations of produce from a cotton plantation they seemed to have been almost entirely ignored hitherto, although the author was of opinion that they might yield almost as large a money return to the planter as that from cotton itself. In giving his detailed account of the various processes involved in cotton cultivation in the United States, Mr. Wray drew particular attention to the additional value which slave labour acquired from the constant and steady training which the negro undergoes throughout his whole life, in all the various branches of his employment, the result being that he becomes a most handy, skilful, and efficient workman. He thought there could be no greater error than to say, as indeed had so often been said, that slave labour, as it exists in the Southern States, was merely that of a set of barbarians, urged on by the whip-labour which could be exerted by white men in the proportion of one of the latter to three of the former. On the contrary, he was of opinion that if such negroes could be had in our colonies, and would work as they do on the cotton plantation, they would be far more valuable than white labourers. We might, therefore, truly say that the American cotton planter had cheap labour because it was really so well trained and so good—so incomparably superior to mere brute strength, bunglingly and wastefully applied. In reviewing the capabilities of some of the principal British possessions for the growth of cotton, the author said he would abstain from touching upon India, as that would form the subject of a subsequent paper, to be read before the society by another gentleman; but he drew particular attention to the colony of Natal, a residence of some years in which enabled him to say that there was hardly any other part of the world which combined so many advantages, or was so peculiarly adapted for cotton cultivation. In conclusion, he pointed out the advantages which steam machinery might afford in carrying on this culture in our colonies. Indeed, he thought it was principally by its aid that we might be enabled to maintain a successful competition with the trained slave labour of the southern states of America. A discussion ensued, in which Dr. Riddell, Messrs. P. L. Simmonds, G. F. Wilson, F.R.S., Lawrence, Hyde Clarke, Thomas Winkworth, and the chairman took part.

#### ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

The survey of the Great Roman Wall which stretches from sea to sea across the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland has just been completed, after some years of labour by the surveyor, Mr. M'Laughlan, at the expense of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. This really great national work, so munificently undertaken by this public-spirited nobleman, is remarkable for its pains-taking accuracy. It gives us not only the direction which the road itself pursues, but also an accurate delineation of the ground over which it runs, and enlarged plans of the camps which dot its course or are found in its vicinity. Some years ago such a work would have been found impossible, for our method of surveying was then too unscientific. Fortunately for antiquarian science, just at the time when the work was rendered possible, when the principal triangles of the Ordnance Survey had been scored upon the bills and plains of the North of England, it occurred to the Duke to project the enterprise, and engage Mr. M'Laughlan, who had long been engaged upon the Ordnance Survey in England and Ireland, to perfect the work. The survey of that part of the old Roman road called the Watling-street, stretching from the river Swale to the Scottish border, was the first of Mr. M'Laughlan's labours. This survey, when completed, was presented by the Duke to the Archaeological Institute, who published it in 1852. The present enlarged and completed survey is comprised on five sheets, and exhibits the entire course of the wall, from Wallend in Northumberland to Bowness in Cumberland, on the scale of two inches to a mile. Independent drawings are given of all the camps and other features of especial importance, upon an enlarged scale of ten inches to the mile. The entire length of the wall is seventy-three miles and a half; and by the due study of this map, we may for the first time comprehend the skill which designed this great barrier to the North. Mr. M'Laughlan has accompanied it with a memoir, in which he gives the result of his personal observations, all of much value, particularly as regards the Celtic etymology of ancient names.

In looking over this work we cannot but regret that the unaccountable apathy of the Society of Antiquaries declined the offer made them by the Duke of superintending excavations at the principal mile-castles and Roman towns on the wall. It might unquestionably have afforded a series of historic inscriptions of the utmost value. We hope that the Duke may yet do this. He is better alone than trammelled by societies.

A curious fact has come up in the course of arrangements in the Tower armoury. The celebrated suit of Henry VIII. is found to be minus the gauntlets. They are now in a private armoury, and may be traced to the collection of Lord Pembroke, which was sold some few years since, and where they were publicly purchased. Who is to blame?

Our fears for the Museum are realised. Workmen are busily employed in constructing more glass sheds outside the building for sculpture. When will the glass plat be covered with tents for statuary? Very soon, we fear.

The world-honoured Pont-du-Gard, constructed by the Romans to convey water to the badly-supplied city of Nîmes, is about to be converted, after centuries of inutility rest, to its original use, by an English engineer, aided by English and French capitalists. This new water company will again use it as an aqueduct; and Mr. Jones of Tower-street, or Smith of Bryanstone-square, may be to Nîmes what some Marcus Aufidius or Septimius Naso was to Nemausus in the days of its Roman rule—Great Prefects of the Water-course.

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

##### EXHIBITION OF ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE Architectural Photographic Association is exhibiting to its members the photographs for this year's distribution, at the Water Colour Society's Gallery, Pall Mall. The examples display in full force the marvellous progress of the art. Their quality as photographs is not only of the highest, but the sources of the subjects are as various as the countries and climates of the earth, and convince us of the success and growth of the society as well as of the advance of the art. Many of the examples are remarkable as pleasing and artistic pictures beyond their value as architectural subjects, showing great delicacy and soft effect with extreme minuteness in the details. The number of works is nearly 400, and these include views of remarkable ancient and modern buildings in all parts of Europe, not excepting some of the most interesting historical structures in Great Britain. Amongst them are photographs of our finest abbeys and cathedrals, executed expressly for the association by Messrs Lowndes and Locke. Mr. Bedford, too, has furnished some most perfect views of Raglan Castle, and other English buildings of the greatest beauty. Mr. Frith, who has before greatly assisted the exhibition with views from Egypt, contributes many from the interesting spots of England and Scotland; but he also sends a number of scenes from the Holy Land, including a view of



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Jerusalem from Mount Sinai. His chief work, however, is again from Egypt—a great panoramic view of Cairo, giving at one view a perfect representation, in all the truth of photography, of the whole city. He has been very successful in obtaining good subjects at home. His Melrose Abbey and Menai Suspension Bridge deserve to be noted. A number of other exhibitors have sought in the architecture of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and the old priories and churches of the country, to find satisfactory subjects within the practical limits of the art, and have been creditably successful. Mr. Macpherson brings us the best Italian views, the produce of an extensive and fortunate tour. They are most brilliant and light, sharp in outline and perfect in softness and detail. They are very numerous, and include the principal places of ancient Rome, views on the Tiber, and the celebrated scenes of Tivoli, so loved by painters. The transparency of the water in some of these is exquisite. Another gentleman, M. Cemetta, has executed a number of large views of Venice and its neighbourhood. The palaces and bridges of the republican city are very fine, and even the atmosphere of the lagunes is present. The noted edifices of Spain have been attended to for the association by Mr. Lousaba: his principal views are the remains of the famous Alhambra, its Moorish courts and halls having a sad, dingy, and desolate appearance, perhaps assisted by the brown atmosphere of Spain. He extends his labours to Valencia and Seville, imparting a sufficient smack of Spain to the exhibition, in which Mr. Clifford lends his assistance. Messrs. Robertson and Beals have worked in the dry hot air of Egypt with success, and give further proof of the strange truth of photography in giving the air and climate of a country. Paris and Germany are represented; and the exhibition is generally most interesting.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE reply of the Council of the Society of Arts, through its chairman and secretary, to the Directors of the Crystal Palace, respecting the proposal of that company to devote their building and grounds to the proposed exhibition in 1861, amounts to a tacit admission that the Society of Arts, though the nominal promoters, have no influence in the direction of the project, even in its provisional state. It is now a plain un concealed fact that the Exhibition Commissioners of 1851 are the real parents and concoctors of the scheme, and that its purpose is not more the holding of an exhibition than the erection, on the useless estate at Kensington, of buildings to be afterwards permanently devoted to some purposes at present unknown. The ventilation of the plan through the Society of Arts is a proceeding of a deceptive character. That society is the proper and legitimate body from which such a scheme should originate; and to trammel its efforts in such a matter, by reference of the project to a body which ought long since to have closed its accounts and ended its operations, is not loyal conduct either to the Society of Arts or such of the public as were willing to assist the plan. If the nurture and growth of the scheme is to entirely depend on the Commissioners of Kensington Gore, the use of their undrained and inaccessible estate for the exhibition must be set down as a compulsory result, and no considerations of site can be really discussed or considered, however economy may suggest one or inconvenience depreciate another. Open and fair consideration of the interests of the scheme, apart from all other schemes, is essential to even its moderate success. The offer of the Crystal Palace, was a simple idea of business men, deserving consideration from its economy in saving the erection of a needless structure, from the eligible and accessible site, with ample available space and means of extension, and from its popularity as a common resort of the people. It had been previously suggested by Sir Joseph Paxton, by the *Times*, and many other journals; and the manner of its disposal is, we think, an unpromising event in the first starting of the 1861 scheme. Kensington is not only unpopular, but its remote and unconnected situation must involve extra expenses in the building of a structure, the transfer of goods from the railways and river, and, last and heaviest, the cab fares of visitors. By the acceptance of the Crystal Palace offer, the competition to be feared from that quarter might have been foreclosed; but it is feasible that, when the year of exhibition arrives, a little expenditure in the permanent interest of the popular and known Crystal Palace may give it an immense advantage in the matter of shillings over the unknown and perhaps unappreciated novelties of the Kensington Gore swamp.

We believe we may state that the use of the Carlton House Riding School as a receptacle for the national pictures is either entirely abandoned by the Government, or at least will not be immediately carried out. Some plans for the enlargement of the building in Trafalgar-square are believed to be under consideration; but it is also known that an effort will be made to erect a gallery for the purpose on the Brompton-estate, on the pretence that a temporary removal of the pictures is unavoidable.

Mr. H. Farrer has consented to attempt the restoration of the altar-piece by Westall, recently injured at All-Souls Church, Langham-place.

The Havelock Memorial Committee have selected the design of Mr. Behnes, from the models exhibited in the Suffolk-street Gallery, for the statue to be placed in Trafalgar-square.

The Crystal Palace Art Union is making a promising advance; a good committee has been formed, and there is every reason to expect that the scheme, so suitable to the place of its origin and well calculated to aid Crystal Palace purposes, will achieve a great position rapidly.

The new Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts commenced its career with a preliminary meeting in the style of a *conversazione*, with a collection of pictures and music, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday last. A good company of ladies and gentlemen assembled to assist the inauguration, and were, in the absence of the Earl of Carlisle, presided over by Viscount Ranelagh. His Lordship addressed the company on the proposed operations of the society. He observed that the growing appreciation of art amongst all classes of the people was now made evident by frequent instances which had exhibited themselves of late years; and not only had a great change taken place in the relations between the public and professional artists of every kind, but the cultivation and practice of the various branches of fine art had become more common in private society, and the number of persons who were connoisseurs had largely increased. Under these circumstances it was now thought desirable to establish an institution embracing the professors and amateurs of all the fine arts, who would find in it a centre of union and a medium for the interchange of their ideas upon the subjects to which their attention was devoted. After mentioning some examples to show that the guidance and advice of trained artists were requisite to direct the taste of the unlearned, the chairman said that the operations of this society, which was not intended to interfere with any already existing, would be, by lectures and discussions, by classes for study, by occasional exhibitions, by maintaining a permanent exhibition of engravings and a library of reference, and also by granting medals, testimonials, and other rewards, to encourage and assist artists, as well as to educate the public taste. The management of the society would be independent of any clique, and there would be no favouritism or exclusiveness in bestowing the aid and countenance it might command. The honorary secretary, Mr. H. Otley, further explained the views of the promoters, and added that it had also been resolved to establish a fund for the assistance or relief of those artists who might be thrown into distress during their arduous struggle for reputation. He read a note from Lord Ellesmere, who kindly expressed his willingness to let the society have the use of the Bridgewater House Gallery for some meeting in another season of the year; and the directors of the Royal Polytechnic Institution had offered an apartment for the use of the society. After an address from the Rev. Mr. Bellow, the chairman declared the society duly constituted; and a vote of thanks to the chairman having been passed, the audience proceeded to the enjoyment of the pictures and the music of the Orpheus Glee Union, who gave their services for the evening. The society, if well supported in its liberal intentions by the public, will be one of the most useful of associations for the spread of taste.

The designs of Mr. Owen Jones for the new Palace for the People, to be erected at Muswell Hill, are now to be seen by the public at the St. James's Hall. The proposed building will be of iron and glass, and be broadly divided into three parts, the centre to be of a dome shape, and to be occupied with horticultural products, kept of an equable high temperature, and serving the purposes of a large winter garden. The two naves extending from this will be occupied, the one by the general exhibitions of trade and manufactures, the other by collections of the fine arts. The design is of grand proportions, and the magnificent effect of this peculiarly nineteenth-century architecture is not likely to want gorgeousness and the splendour of ornament under the direction of Owen Jones. The grounds are to be laid out in a variety of all the European styles of gardening. The project is gaining influential support, and the economy of outlay which past experience almost ensures in the erection of buildings of this character may be expected to guarantee its success as a money speculation; but its site, position, and purposes ought to obtain for it the aid of the inhabitants of the northern and eastern districts of the metropolis.

Mr. Walsley, of 5, Waterloo-place, has still in his possession the four interesting oil paintings from Stowe, purchased by him at the great sale there some years since. These pictures derive no interest from the name of the painter, for he is almost unknown—indeed, no account of him can be obtained, nor is the existence of other pictures by his hand ascertained. His name is Giacomo Francesco Cipper Tedesco, and these four works are sufficient evidence that he was an able master of the natural domestic style to which they belong. They are far removed from "high art," and will only excite the interest of those who can admire scenes of ordinary life when well painted and exemplifying character. The scenes are from Italian rural life, painted in a broad, free manner, not far removed from Caravaggio and the Neapolitan

"Naturalist," but in their colouring brilliant and effective, with immense humour and character in the faces, whilst several of the peasant figures also remind us of those of Murillo. The drawing of the groups is admirable, and the caricature sentiment of each is well distributed over each picture. They are large works, in good preservation, but not free from old varnish. That they were bought originally in Flanders by Lord Cobham, and hung in a room at Stowe, is all that is authentically known; but their excellence as pictures of the first quality in the class of *genre* subjects is evident at a first sight, and their interest will be great when cleared of dirt and properly seen. The subjects are—(1) a family concert of eight figures, (2) a vegetable market, (3) a group of Gipsies, (4) peasants at their repast. Connoisseurs who relish the low-life scenes of Murillo will find an equal attraction in these pictures.

The report of the Council of the Art Union of London for this year has been issued to the members. The commercial depression of the past year has affected the subscriptions; nevertheless the total amount is 11,658*l*. The diminished sales of pictures at the exhibitions is given as proof of the pressure generally felt by all the associations connected with the arts. The issue of Mr. Willmore's engraving of Turner's picture of "Bellini's Pictures conveyed to the Church of the Redentore, in Venice," is made a subject of congratulation, and the commencement of another engraving after Turner is announced. The hope that the great painter's bequest to the nation may soon be properly displayed for study and admiration precedes some praise of the varied qualities of his landscape painting. Mr. Sharp's engraving of Frith's "Life at the Sea-side," is completed, and will be issued to the subscribers for 1859. A volume of wood-engravings from British painters is finished. Mr. T. Battam has completed his group of Venus and Cupid, after Gibson, of which examples in Parian statuary will be distributed. A bronze medal of Banks the sculptor, by Mr. L. Wyon, has been completed; and, notwithstanding that the Department of Art felt it necessary to employ a French artist to design a prize medal, the Art Union has been able to complete a series which now comprise Reynolds, Chantrey, Wren, Hogarth, Flaxman, Chambers, Inigo Jones, Vanbrugh, Wyon, Banks, and Gainsborough. The issue of works in bronze will be continued. As a novelty, the volumes of photographs by different photographers and of all kinds of art subjects have been distributed, and others will follow. The vacancies in the council have been well re-filled. The reserved fund now amounts to 8196*l* 17*s*. Details of the selections of the prize-holders are given, and the addition of the Society of Female Artists to those exhibitions from which prizes may be selected is announced. The views of the national progress in art matters and the extension of popular art exhibitions which conclude the report add to its interest, but scarcely require repetition.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A NEW opera by a favourite composer is one of those "events" that supplies a meal for dainty conversation. Every breeze of the musical atmosphere bears on its wings tones about probable merit and imagined success. It has been well understood for a long time past that Balfe was at work in the romantic school of operatic art. Beyond the mere title of his youngest born little oozed out to gratify idle curiosity, or allay a prurient desire of the more legitimate seeker for information. True to announcement, on Monday the doors of the most elegant lyric temple in Europe were roused from their sleepy stillness, and *Satanella* was submitted for the first time to public gaze and scrutiny. The managers of "The Royal English Opera, Covent Garden" prefaced the commencement of the season by a detail of their plans, which, if carried out, deserve well of the public. Experience has proved beyond all cavil that, if opera is to be made popular among the bulk of the people, aristocratic prices cannot be maintained. On the contrary, it is more than probable, if a wholesome system of management be adopted—one that invites the attendance of vaster numbers by presenting good and elaborate entertainments at reasonable rates—ample remuneration is in prospect, and enduring success within grasp. Long before the time for commencement, the house presented one of those gay and animating pictures seen only on remarkable days and stirring occasions. The patrons of the management—and their name is legion—were thickly distributed over the whole building, and at every available opportunity testified *und voce* that what Pyne and Harrison had undertaken to do was evidently well done. *Satanella*, or *the Power of Love*—the opera bears this second title—was, without question, mounted in a most attractive form; and it now remains to be seen where the merits of the opera lie, and what they are. The libretto is founded on a foreign fantastic novel, in which the heroine, *Satanella*, Miss Louisa Pyne, impersonates the individual from below! In the list of *dramatis personæ* are thirteen names. These, for the sake of brevity and perspicuity also, may be reduced to seven—Count Rupert, Mr. Harrison, a wealthy and

dissipated young nobleman; Hortensius, Mr. Honey, a tutor full of fears and Latin scraps; Karl, Mr. A. St. Albyn, one of the Count's retainers, in love with Leila; Braccachio, Mr. Corri, a pirate chief; Arimanes, Mr. Weiss, the Spirit of Evil; Leila, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, a foster sister of Count Rupert, and in love with him; Stella, Miss Susan Pyne, a heartless coquette, betrothed to the Count; and Satanella. The curtain rises to a fête near the gardens of the Count. A chorus and dance in honour of the donor immediately commence. The Count and his tutor, who now appear, interchange sentiments, very opposite in their natures. Leila introduces herself, and sorrows over the dreams of her childhood; a pretty song is put into her mouth. "Our hearts are not our own to give." A gambling scene follows, in which Count Rupert is the principal actor, despite the admonition of his tutor, who in vain points out the peril of a bark without rudder or compass, between Scylla and Charybdis. A concerted piece, in which the Count, Stella, and the Players take part, succeeds, when the scene changes to "The Devil's Tower," with mystic music, attended by electric glare and awful peals from Jupiter Tonans. Karl sings a humorous ballad, "Oh would she but name the day," when, starting from his reverie, he hears the voices of the Count and Hortensius, and hastens to give them admission. While seated in this room they find two volumes, a treatise on alchemy, and a work on magic; the Spirit of Evil appears by summons from the Count, who learns from the book that the King of the demon world is named Arimanes, and may be evoked by uttering the words, "Miriam! Manasses! Eurothas!" The descent of the demon is accompanied by Satanella. Here the spells begin. A banquet is placed before Rupert, who, after quaffing the contents of sundry goblets, sings an exhilarating strain in praise of champagne: "When fortune frowns and friends forsake." Hortensius, by the potency of the vintage, falls asleep. During the process of the song Satanella vanishes, and afterwards appears as a woman and gives utterance to a passion for the youth whom she has doomed to perdition. She sings, "There's a power whose sway," and at the close of the second stanza, imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the Count, suddenly disappears. The melody is still heard in the distance, and the Count and his friend Hortensius stand transfixed with astonishment. The second act may be travelled through more expeditiously. A ballad for the Count, "An angel form," is the only monument in the first scene necessary to take a sketch of. Scene second introduces a chorus, "Rovers, rulers of the sea." Braccachio and his gang of pirates are engaged by Stella to carry off her rival Leila; they afterwards perform the same office, at the suggestion of Satanella, on Stella herself, who is not again seen. The remaining portion of this act is made up of a disappointed marriage ceremony, simulated death, demoniacal horrors, and piratical revenge. In the opening scene of act third is a cavern illumined by an unearthly gleam, with a chorus of invisible fiends. Satanella again appears, but on a condition exacted by Arimanes, that she should resign any future attempts at love-making. The scene now shifts to a street in Tunis, where several palanquins containing female slaves cross the stage, guarded by Braccachio and his piratical crew. Here follows a great deal that might be left out to advantage. There is a dance and chorus in the slave market, and a song for Satanella, in which she appears before the Vizier (Mr. Payne), who is so captivated both by her singing and her beauty, as to regard her at a priceless worth. She consents to his suit if he will liberate Leila, whom he has but just purchased. This arranged, she is borne off in triumph, surrounded by a troop of dancing Almees, amid the acclamations of the crowd. In the fourth act we are once more in the Devil's Tower. Leila and the Count are again on the point of being united. Satanella, however, steps in and claims the Count for herself by virtue of a bond. Leila offers herself as his substitute. This act so operates on Satanella that she consents to destroy the bond. The infernal regions are again made visible. All hell is in commotion. Then follows a scene much more pleasant for the younger folk especially to look on, viz., the consummation of Leila's nuptials. "The Power of Love" is portrayed in a melody sung by an invisible choir, seeing that Arimanes and his fiendish troop are baffled and overcome. Of the music we shall be able to judge more fairly upon a second hearing. The band has been considerably enlarged, and is in every particular complete. Mr. Balfe was thrice called amid the most enthusiastic cheering, Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison ditto, and several pieces were vociferously encored. If applauses were the sure test of merit and success, there could be no second opinion about the fate of *Satanella*; but boisterous enthusiasm, though perhaps no error of the heart, is too often so of the head.

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave their second performance of *Messiah* on Friday, the 17th inst. There was not the same array of principals that signalled the week previous. Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, however, made every effort to do Handel justice, and ensure their individual reputations. Every inch of the great room in Exeter Hall was found to be valuable.

On Saturday another winter concert took place at the Crystal Palace, making the sixth of the projected series. Shortly before noon Jupiter Pluvialis mounted his throne and exercised a most rigorous and unpleasant rule for a full half-dozen hours. We could hardly expect to find a hundred people in the building in consequence; but before the orchestral tunings were completed, the room specially appropriated for winter meetings was tolerably well filled. The programme contained but five items. Haydn's symphony in B flat stood first. This, though not so well known as many other compositions by the same master, is nevertheless a most interesting work. Haydn was the inventor of the great symphonic form which has served as a model to his successors, all of whom have followed him with more or less strictness. He is justly termed "the father of the symphony." It was he who laid the solid foundation upon which Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn have raised imperishable monuments to their genius and knowledge. Since the days of Haydn, orchestral composition has become more complicated; but for clearness of design and brilliancy of colouring the great archetype has not yet been surpassed. The B flat was famously executed, and warmly received. The next and principal feature of the concert comprised selections from *The Son and Stranger*. It may be in the remembrance of some, that in the year of the Great Exhibition an operetta under this title was brought out at the Haymarket; and, as Mendelssohn had never completed a theatrical work for public performance, a great deal of excitement was caused by the production under review. Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Weiss were the principals in the piece. Although it was barely possible that Mendelssohn could have scored anything that did not contain proofs of his genius, yet *The Son and Stranger* is more noticeable as a curiosity than as a work of art. It was composed for strictly private purposes, but especially for one of those family occasions which are regarded as sacred among the Germans. The music throughout has great originality and expression, not so much of the passionate as the simply emotional kind. As only a few of the choicest flowers were culled on Saturday by Madame Weiss, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss, we need not go into the bald story to which the music is wedded; suffice it to say that *The Son and Stranger* is looked upon as a gem as valuable on account of its rarity as of its merit. A noisy "Hungarian Storm March" fenced in the lower extremity of the bill of particulars; this, if intended for no other purpose, served as a contrast to the more classic music to which it was proximate.

Mr. Hullah's upper classes, with an efficient instrumental band, performed *Messiah* on Monday evening to a very crowded hall. The principals engaged were the Misses Banks, Fanny Rowland, Dolby; with Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. Thomas.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

We are given to understand that Mr. Albert Smith made his reappearance at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday night. Of the merits of his new entertainment about China we are as yet unable to speak.

Mr. Barnum, of American notoriety, announces a series of lectures on Money-making, to commence on Wednesday, the 29th inst., at the St. James's Hall. As Mr. Barnum has exhibited quite as much talent for losing as for making money, we are surprised that his lecture is not to include both operations.

The dramatic world has been somewhat litigious this week. The case of Helling v. Lumley is as curious a proof of how obstinately men will fight for comparatively small matters as any Welsh cause upon record in the Court of Chancery. The dispute was about the right to occupy a box, which the plaintiff claimed, and Mr. Lumley denied. It had been argued already before the Vice-Chancellor, who had decided in favour of the plaintiff, and this week it came on in appeal before the Lords Justices. Six learned counsel were heard on behalf of the parties interested, a fact which supplies something like a clue to the expense incurred. After going into the matter, the Lords Justices dismissed the appeal as frivolous and vexatious, condemning Mr. Lumley to pay the costs,—who, if he be dissatisfied may still go to the House of Lords.

Mr. Webster, too, has been getting into legal hot water with the members of his profession—evidently owing to the uncertainty which prevailed until very lately as to the opening of the theatre at Christmas. Mr. Webster was naturally anxious to secure a good company for his opening, and the persons "spoken to" were naturally quite as anxious to have a binding engagement from Christmas, upon which they could rely. One of the results of this conflict of interest was the appearance in the Court of Chancery of Harlequin and Columbine, in the form of Mr. and Mrs. Lauri, on Wednesday—Mr. Webster seeking to restrain these pantomimic artists from appearing at the Lyceum Theatre. In his judgment, Vice-Chancellor Wood intimated that he did not think he could grant an injunction; but that he thought it would meet the justice of the case to make the costs costs in the cause. It may be very consoling to poor Harlequin and Columbine to get a victory over

a great manager; but, as it furthermore appeared that their joint salary of was to be only five pounds a week, we are afraid that when the "costs in the cause" are paid, there will be little left to the poor pantomimists out of the earnings of their Christmas season.

In addition to this a paragraph states that Mr. Webster threatens Miss Marie Wilton, the promising little actress at the Strand Theatre, with similar terrors of the law, in case she refuse to come to his theatre. Surely, as a contemporary suggests, this is "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel."

The daily papers have given very detailed accounts of the interior of the new Adelphi Theatre. The new theatre is 25 feet higher than the old one in the interior, and the eastern wall has been moved about 30 feet, so that the area of the interior is nearly doubled. The width between the boxes is 44 feet, 6 feet wider than the Lyceum, and nearly 12 feet wider than the Olympic Theatre. The total length of the building is about 110 feet by 70. The part nearest the orchestra is railed off for three rows of orchestra stalls, each seat in which is an ample and well-padded arm-chair. Behind these are four rows of pit-stalls. Above the pit is the first tier of boxes, or rather the balcony, which projects six feet beyond the iron columns which carry the other tiers. In this balcony are two rows of seats. The front of this balcony is a light and exquisitely-wrought iron railing decorated with white and gold, and with interstices sufficiently wide to allow the varied colours of the ladies' dresses to be plainly seen. Behind the balcony, on a level as to projection with the tiers above, is a row of public or private boxes, according as one is taken for the night by a party, or occupied by ladies or gentlemen who may prefer being placed there. This arrangement is adopted in many of the Parisian theatres. Beautiful spiral cast-iron columns, with elaborate capitals in white and gold, support the upper tier. The front of this is enriched with white and gold decorations, with panels in bas-relief representing the figures of the Muses. Above this, and supported by the same kind of columns, is the gallery tier for gallery stalls. The front of this tier is also exceedingly handsome, and adorned in panels with medallion portraits of the chief dramatic authors who have contributed to the success of Adelphi performances. Behind this is the gallery proper, with the usual side galleries. The ceiling is in what may be called the Genoese style, but the admirable effect of Mr. Sang's decorations imparts a lofty dome-like aspect to it, which enhances the appearance of the whole interior. On the west side of the proscenium is the Queen's box; on the east that of the Prince of Wales. Each of these is as large as a well-sized modern drawing room, and the richness of their appearance is increased by the fronts having balustrades of the most brilliant cut glass. The whole of the proscenium, and the ceiling immediately over it, is covered with bold yet delicate traceries in white and gold, which preserve the beauty of detail without detracting from the harmony of the whole. The proscenium itself is thirty-eight feet high by thirty-five feet wide—several feet larger each way than the proscenium of either the Lyceum, Olympic, or Princess's. The whole theatre has seats for 1500 persons, but it is calculated that on an emergency the building will accommodate 2000. The mode of lighting is simple, but brilliant in the extreme, the whole building being illuminated from the ceiling with one of Stroud's patent sun-lights. The light itself is concealed, though its effect is increased by an exquisitely-formed chandelier—a glittering mass of cut glass coronets, prismatic feathers, lustres, and spangles, designed and furnished by Defries and Sons.

The third performance of *Phormio* in the old dormitory at Westminster was honoured by the presence of the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, Lord John Russell, the Turkish Ambassador, Lord Barrington, Sir David Dundas, Lord Norhampton, Sir W. Page Wood, Dean Trench, Canon Repton, and Canon Cureton. The performance gave great satisfaction to this distinguished audience. The prologue contained the customary allusions to current matters of the day, and chief among the topics referred to was the Indian rebellion. It also contained an elegant compliment to the two Princes present.

The students at Westborne College, Bayswater, have also given a representation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, in an English version, rendered and adapted for the purpose by the Rev. C. Davies, one of the masters. The play has been performed three times; the large schoolroom being fitted up for the occasion. The representation was really creditable to the youthful scholars, who one and all infused a spirit into each part scarcely to be expected among juvenile performers. Many of the passages of the version were delivered with much expression, and in some instances might have been perceived flashes of deeper perception. After the play the audience were kept in continual merriment by the comic display of characters in the *Bombastes Furioso*, a favourite farce on such occasions. Among those present were the patrons of the institution, the parents and friends of the students, and the *élite* of the neighbourhood. After the final performance on Monday last the Rev. C. Mackenzie, the Head Master, stated that the whole affair had been got up by the students among

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themselves in their leisure hours, the regular business of study not having been interfered with in any way—a fact, taking the style of the performance, very praiseworthy to the performers.

Performances have been given at the Surrey Theatre for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College. The entertainments consisted of *The Hunchback*, *The Waterman*, *Box and Cox*, and the Spanish ballet of *The Gallican Fête*. Miss Glynn, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, and Mr. Augustus Braham, generously volunteered their services.

Mr. George Coppin, the Melbourne manager, has been elected a member of the Legislative Council of that State. The *Examiner* and *Melbourne Weekly News* is especially jubilant upon the occasion:—"The Hon. George Coppin! Another vote gained for the Reform Bill, and a practically able man returned to the Council, Protectionism beaten, and a strong wall of prejudice broken down. We have set England an example. The Queen has long been desirous, but afraid, to knight Charles Kean. We have raised an honest actor to our peerage. We doubted the wisdom of Mr. Coppin's candidature, estimating his chances of success at his own reckoning. We are glad that the result shows he underrated the sagacity of the constituency."

The municipality of Passy has decided that the boulevard which borders the ground purchased by M. Rossini, and on which he is building a mansion, shall be called the Boulevard Rossini.

## THE THEATRES.

COLMAN the Elder's genuine comedy of *The Jealous Wife* was produced at the Princess's on Saturday evening; or, to speak more accurately, a modern version of it condensed into three acts. This play was originally produced in 1761, so it has almost reached the century which we place as the limit to popularity; but it is not destined even to reach that epoch entire, for already it has been found necessary to reduce it from five to three acts, and to cut out one entire character, with all its incidents and events, Captain O'Cutter. In other parts it is already withered, and a group once, no doubt, representing sufficiently accurately the then existing manners, have become monsters which have no resemblance to living prototypes. The old Squire Russet, founded on Fielding's Squire Western, is a portrait strongly engraven on our literature, and frequently represented on the stage, although it is fast becoming an extinct species, the last remains of which are so nearly obsolete that many will doubt its reality. Yet we ourselves can recollect that when a Berkshire squire, in our youth, came to visit at the paternal home, he gave the view halloo in the hall, and smacked his whip to announce his arrival; and indeed he loved his daughter somewhat after the same fashion as Squire Russet, tenderly prizing her, but still considered she was a chattel he might dispose of as he pleased. Sir Harry Beagle is more decidedly of stage origin, being an early specimen of a vile race which, being addicted to some particular occupation or pursuit, can never express itself but in metaphors borrowed from and illustrative of the peculiar taste. The young heroine, being more naturally drawn, survives, and is still young and vivacious. The other eccentric character is Lord Trinket, a fop and ruffian combined in a way not now common, but perfectly so in the middle of the last century. He is a mixture not now often seen, though folly and arrogance are still to be found in all ranks, but now scarcely with the high breeding of his Lordship. Lady Freelove, the companion picture of the peer, is by no means extinct; and a certain late marchioness might have very well sat for the portrait, vicious and revolting as it is. These characters were variously enacted. Mr. Frank Matthews gave a sort of pantomime portrait of the squire; but, coarse as was the delineation, we doubt if it really was a caricature. Mr. Saker was a feeble Sir Harry, and Miss Heath an interesting Harriet Russet. Mrs. Winstanley, with her pretty hand and arm, which she knows how to display to advantage, was the demirep of fashion.

The two real characters which give vitality to, and have preserved, the play, are Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, and these are very genuine portraits of a jealous domineering wife and a credulous soft husband. We have called this a genuine comedy, principally on account of the force and satire exercised in the delineation of these personages; and yet, if very carefully examined, there will be found little intricacy of character, and our admiration dwindles to a commendation of the incident and situations. The weakness of Mr. Oakley, alternating with his resolves, is exceedingly absurd; and the shrewish domination of his wife, mixed with a perverse determination to find food for her unreasonable jealousy, excites genuine sympathy. The subject is unexceptionable, for such weakness, though extreme, is curable; and its treatment is broad and effective. Mr. and Mrs. Kean delineated the absurd couple with much effect. One could imagine a higher and more artistic treatment, especially on the part of the lady, who manifested more of the shrew than the jealous woman, being hardly slow, feminine, and subtle enough for the suspicious wife. Her fits were funny,

and her changes sudden and ludicrous. Mr. Kean was placid and gentlemanly, and gave strong emphasis to the perfect purity of his morals, which heightened the effect of his wife's absurd conduct. Character always tells with an English audience, and language, if only tolerably apt, is a secondary consideration. No points were lost by these experienced and talented performers, and the audience, including the female portion, enjoyed it much. Lord Trinket was cleverly delineated by Mr. Walter Lacy; Major Oakley very characteristically by Mr. Cooper; and his nephew Charles after the heroic mode by Mr. J. F. Cathcart. The piece is in some measure benefited by the condensation and large excisions, but the continuous explosions of the husband and wife are thereby deprived of some relief. The comedy deserves preservation, as it is one of the very few which depends purely on the *vis comica*, and is not depraved with the sentimentality which Steele had some time before introduced into his *Conscious Lovers*, and which became the besetting sin of almost all his successors, and which still haunts the boards and sickles over every modern drama.

At the Strand, on Monday, a trifle by Mr. Talfourd was produced, evidently from the French, although all the circumstances are English. It is entitled *The Rule of Three*, and shows us a little adventure in the house of a man just married to a very pretty wife, whom he jealously seeks to hide in obscurity. Three lovers pursue—two coxcombs, with little evil purpose but the desire of coquetting with a pretty woman. The husband plays them one off against another, so that neither can get to present his bouquets or pay his attentions. There was something absurd in their ineffectual attempts; but the third is a more decisive gentleman, and makes such unmistakable love that the lady is obliged to be emphatic. He has said he has a wife and three children, to beguile the undiscerning husband, though he is a cunning bachelor; and now the lady takes care to have a telegraphic message delivered that the wife and children are very ill, and he is thus compelled to retire silently, but sufficiently rebuked. The idea is ingenious, and the dialogue sufficiently piquant. It requires, however, three Charles Mathews to act it so as to fully bring out the idea; and we need not say that there is not even one such performer here, although Mr. Parselle acts very judiciously and effectively. Miss M. Ternan was the pretty wife, Mr. Turner the husband, and Mr. Swanborough and Mr. Mowbray the two imbecile lovers. It was very nicely put on the stage, and was successful.

Every theatre is working night and day at the forthcoming Christmas novelties. The Adelphi has not only its drama but its house to erect; but there is every probability that both will be ready, and fully deserving public notice and patronage.

## LITERARY NEWS.

THE Council of University College, London, at their session on Saturday last, discharged for the first time the duty of applying a portion of the dividends of the fund presented to the College in August 1857, by the subscribers to a memorial of the public services and virtues of the late Mr. Joseph Hume, for the establishment of Scholarships, to advance the sciences of Jurisprudence and Political Economy, to bear the name of the Joseph Hume Scholarships. The result of the competition among the students of Professor Foster's last year's Class of Jurisprudence was reported to the Council by his successor, Professor John Philip Green, whom the Council had appointed examiner for the occasion; and the Scholarship of 20*l.* a year for three years was awarded to Mr. Henry Selfe Page Winterbotham, of Stroud, Gloucestershire. The Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy, of the same value, is announced for competition in December next, among the students entered to Professor Waley's Course of Political Economy, now in progress.

The Prince Consort has presented the newly-formed library of the Post-office with the handsome donation of 50*l.*

The following announcement, which will be received with gratification in literary circles, is made in the *Evening Packet* on the authority of a private letter from Spezia:—"The Irish public, among which Charles Lever reckons so many friends and admirers, will be glad to learn that the distinguished novelist has been appointed her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Spezia."

The new Edinburgh University Bill, it will be remembered, confers the privilege of electing a Rector upon the General Council of the University; and the *Scotsman* announces that it is more than probable that the choice will fall upon Lord Brougham. The Lord Rector hitherto has been the Lord Provost *ex officio*, and Lord Brougham will thus be the first elevation to the office by the choice of the University itself.

Mr. R. J. Donne, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed one of the Assistant-Masters of Wellington College. Mr. Donne was a high first-classman in the Classical Tripos of the present year.

The principality of the Bishop of Oxford's Theological College at Cuddesden has been conferred upon the Rev. H. H. Swinny, M.A., Vicar of Wargrave, near Henley-on-Thames. The new principal of the Oxford Diocesan College is a Cambridge man. He was at Magdalen College, and graduated in 1836, taking a second class in classics, and was the 29th wrangler in mathematics.

Exertions are being made in the proper quarter to ensure the continuation of their mother's pension to the nieces of Burns. We trust that Lord Derby will see how judiciously he may lend aid in this matter, and how easily a great amount of well-deserved popularity may be gained by making comfortable the remaining years of those so closely connected with the greatest poet that Scotland has yet produced.

The Very Rev. Harvey Goodwin, the newly-appointed Dean of Ely, preached his farewell sermon to his parishioners at St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, on Sunday evening last. The necessity for the delivery of the sermon at St. Mary's arose from the fact that the church of St. Edward's (of which last-named parish Mr. Goodwin has been incumbent since 1848) is under repair. The Dean took his text from the 20th verse of the 3rd chapter of Revelations. Mr. Goodwin took the opportunity, in the course of his illustration of the text, of denying that he was attached to any particular party in the Church—"to any party called Evangelical, Tractarian, Anti-Tractarian, High Church or Low Church, or by any other 'nick-name.'" Mr. Goodwin regretted that he could not say farewell in the same terms from that pulpit as he could have done from his own cabinet in St. Edward's to his parishioners. The fact of Mr. Goodwin's farewell having to be delivered at St. Mary's was, however, one rejoiced in by hundreds of the public who could not have found room at St. Edward's; as it was, St. Mary's was found inadequate in the required accommodation; every foot of standing room (even on the staircases) was occupied, and crowds retired without being able to find even admission to the building.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge has issued the following document respecting various prizes offered for competition among the students:—I. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Chancellor of the University, being pleased to give annually a gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, the prize will be given this year to such resident undergraduate as shall compose the best poem on "Lord Clive." N.B. The exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor on or before March 31, 1859, and are not to exceed 200 lines in length. 2. The most noble the Marquis Camden being pleased to give annually a gold medal as a prize for the best exercise in Latin hexameter verse, the subject for the present year is "Columbia Britannorum." N.B.—The exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor on or before March 31, 1859, and are not to exceed 100 lines in length. All undergraduates who shall have resided not less than two terms before the day on which the exercises must be sent in, or who shall at least be then in the course of their second term of residence, may be candidates for this medal. III. The representatives in Parliament for this University being pleased to give annually—1. Two prizes, of 15 guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts; 2. And two other prizes of 15 guineas each, to be open to all undergraduates, who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in: the subjects for the present year are (1), for the bachelors, "Ptolemæis regnabit, quantum profecerit scientia;" (2) for the undergraduates, "Possunt quia posse videntur." N.B. The exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1859. IV. Sir William Browne's three gold medals, of the value of five guineas each, are given to such resident undergraduates as shall compose (1) the best exercise in Greek verse, the metre being either hexameter, elegiac, or lyric; (2) the best Latin ode in imitation of Horace; (3) the best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia, and the best Latin epigram after the model of Martial. The subjects for the present year are:—(1) for the Greek verse, lyric metre, "Halicarnassus;" (2) for the Latin ode, "In Newtoni statuam nuper ex ære factum." (3) For the Greek epigram "Χρόσια χαλκίον." (4) For the Latin epigram "Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi." N.B. The exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1859. The Greek ode is not to exceed twenty-five, nor the Latin ode thirty, stanzas. The Greek ode must be accompanied by a literal Latin prose version. V. The Porson prize is the interest of 400*l.* stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident undergraduate as shall made the best translation of a proposed passage from the works of any standard English poet into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is, "Shakspeare. Julius Cæsar. Act V., Scene I."

Give me thy hand,  
Be thou my witness,

He bears too great a mind."

N.B.—The metre to be *Tragicum Iambicum Trine-*

*trum Acatalecticum.* These exercises are to be accented and accompanied by a literal Latin prose version, and are to be sent in on or before March 31, 1859. N.B.—All the above exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor privately; each is to have a motto prefixed, and to be accompanied by a paper, sealed up, with the same motto on the outside, which paper is to inclose another, folded up, having the candidate's name and college written within. The papers containing the names of those candidates who may not succeed will be destroyed unopened. Any candidate is at liberty to send in his exercise either written (but not in his own hand) or printed or lithographed. No prize will be given to any candidate who has not commenced his residence in the University when the exercises are delivered.—W. H. BATESON, Vice-Chancellor.

The third supplement to *Klappel's Guide* gives some interesting statistics of the book trade in Germany. Northern Germany contrasts strikingly with Southern Germany, both in production and consumption of books. In Northern Germany, Saxony and Prussia, i. e., Leipzig and Berlin, are the great centres both of publication and sale. In Southern Germany, Austria, though the smallest producer, is the largest consumer. In the last few years quite a new market has been opened up to the trade in Austria. The editor of the *Guide* explains this by saying that the interest for literature there is fresh and young; and, there being no stock on hand in the Vienna shops, all has to be ordered at once from Leipzig. Bavaria, on the other hand, is the worst market of the Southern States. What taste exists in Bavaria is for art rather than literature. The library of the well-to-do farmer or manufacturer in Bavaria consists of little more than a couple of Prayer-books and some bound volumes of the *Fliegende Blätter*, a great contrast to the neat collection of solid books which every better farmhouse in Northern Germany has to show. In Wurtemberg (Stuttgart) there is more intellectual life and more production; but it is not a good market. Baden and the Rhenish Palatinate, on the contrary, publish little, but buy a good deal. It would appear, however, that the quality of the books sold has by no means kept pace with the extension of the trade. The number of copies of books of the highest class which is now sold is neither greater nor less than it was. The causes of this the editor finds chiefly in the fact that the demand for scientific and philosophical books comes chiefly from the universities, and the salaries of the professors and teachers remaining what they were thirty years ago, while the cost of living has greatly increased, they have no cash to spare for books. On the other hand, the country families are becoming less and less literary. The library in a country house receives no additions, while the development of external splendour and luxury takes every year a wider range.

The French newspaper stamp returns indicate that *Le Siècle* has the leading circulation of the daily press: viz. 36,000 copies, being double that of *La Presse*, and one-third more than that of *Le Constitutionnel*.

Some of the journals have stated that a few days ago, as a gentleman of the Paris press was engaged in writing, he all at once sank down, and that his intellectual faculties disappeared! The gentleman in question was M. Regault, of the *Journal des Débats*. His state at this moment is very dangerous, but it is hoped he may eventually recover.

The Imperial Foreign Office has granted to Mr. S. Dufour, the bookseller of the Russian Court, the directorship of the French *Journal de St. Petersburg*, and to have the right of its publication for fifteen years. This journal will consequently appear from the date of the 1st of January 1859, the same size as the other newspapers, and contain all the most important political, commercial, literary, and industrial accounts concerning Russia.

In the whole of Victoria there are at the present time sixty newspapers, and in New South Wales twenty.

A Sydney newspaper, with the title of *Bell's Life*, regularly records its "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," under the novel headings of "Hatched," "Matched," and "Dispatched."

**CHESS IN PARIS.**—Paris is now the great centre of attraction to the chess world. The match between the celebrated M. Andersen and Mr. Morphy was necessarily delayed for some time after the arrival of the former by the illness of the young American. It has now commenced, however, and, so far as our present information is concerned, two games have been played. The first, after a long and highly interesting contest of seventy-one moves, terminated in favour of M. Andersen; the second ended in a draw. The contest naturally excited the greatest interest, and it is the universal opinion in the chess world that, if the American phenomenon has a match in Europe, he has now found it. The extraordinary mental exertion of playing eight games at the same time, without seeing the board in any one instance, was effected at the Paris chess club on Saturday by M. Harwitz, without any apparent difficulty. The rooms were crowded with amateurs, anxious to witness the feat, among them being the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Galitzin, Count de Casabianca, M. Andersen, &c. The play

commenced a little after 7, and terminated about half-past 2. The result was as follows:—The blind-fold player won six games and lost one, the remaining one being a draw. At the end M. Harwitz was loudly applauded and warmly congratulated by the persons who still remained. He seemed but little fatigued, was in excellent spirits, and was heard to say that he thought he could play a dozen games together just as easily as he had done eight.

## OBITUARY.

COOKE, THOMAS, R.N., F.R.S., late Professor of Fortification and Artillery at Addiscombe College on the 12th inst., at his residence, 26, Abbey-road, St. John's Wood, during the night, and apparently in sleep.

EVANS, WILLIAM, Esq.—On Tuesday, the 7th inst., aged 49, at his residence, 143, Marylebone-road, London, William Evans, Esq., Associate Member of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours.

PETHERAM, Mr. JOHN.—On the 18th inst., Mr. John Petheram, bookseller, of 94, High Holborn, of bronchitis and pneumonia, aged 50, and deeply lamented.

WHITE, Dr. ANDREW.—On the 18th inst., suddenly, at Teddington Weir, Dr. Andrew White, Deputy-Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, and one of the survivors of the Egyptian and Peninsular Wars. He died trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ.

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